

THE MODERN
MAGAZINE

VIEW

50c



OCTOBER 1945

M. HIRSHFIELD 1945

View: The Modern Magazine
presents an exhibition
of the fantastic
in modern
art

★ *place*
and date
to be announced

★ *inaugurating*

the **HUGO** gallery

EUGENE BERMAN

WIFREDO LAM

KENNEDY BLANCHARD

RICO LEBRUN

ALEXANDER CALDER

FERNAND LEGER

GERTRUDE CATO

ANDRE MASSON

MARC CHAGALL

JOAN MIRO

MARCEL DUCHAMP

ISAMU NOGUCHI

MAX ERNST

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

LEONOR FINI

KURT SELIGMANN

ESTEBAN FRANCES

YVES TANGUY

MORRIS HIRSHFIELD

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW

LEON KELLY

OSSIP ZADKINE

AND OTHERS

DURLACHER BROS.

R. Kirk Askew, Jr.
11 East 57th St.

EXHIBITIONS

| | |
|-----------------|----------------------------|
| October | Walter Quirt |
| November | Old Master Drawings |
| December | Walter Stuemfig |

The Vanguard Press



A Night with Jupiter ☆ EDITED BY AND OTHER FANTASTIC STORIES CHARLES HENRI FORD

EACH of these modern stories has its unique and unforgettable charm. The range of locale and fancy is from deepest Chicago to an impossible but fascinating Africa, from a dream version of Mobile, Alabama to the psychic life of a buzzard. Among the authors included are Henry Miller, Ramon J. Sender, Raymond Roussel, Giorgio di Chirico, Paul Bowles, Leonora Carrington, and Montagu O'Reilly. Profusely illustrated with line-drawings by such famed contemporary artists as Alexander Calder, Pavel Tchelitchew, and Yves Tanguy. Jacket design by Kurt Seligmann. Charles Henri Ford is the editor of *VIEW: THE MODERN MAGAZINE*, in which the majority of these stories first appeared. \$3.00

☆☆☆

A View Edition

Distributed by Vanguard Press

The Burrow ☆ By FRANZ KAFKA

FRANZ KAFKA has had a remarkable influence upon the literature of America, England, and the Continent; many today regard him as of the same stature as Proust and Joyce. Kafka is concerned with the incommensurability of the life between man and man and the confusion between man and the world. His gentle humor and terrible irony are the results of his penetration, sensitivity, and wisdom. Critics of every country consider Franz Kafka's work unsurpassed in its genre, and this collection makes available stories long in demand. The volume contains "The Metamorphosis," "The Burrow," "Investigations of a Dog," "Prometheus," "The Bridge," "He," etc.

☆☆☆

With drawings by Leslie Sherman

\$3.00

The Facts of Life ☆ By PAUL GOODMAN

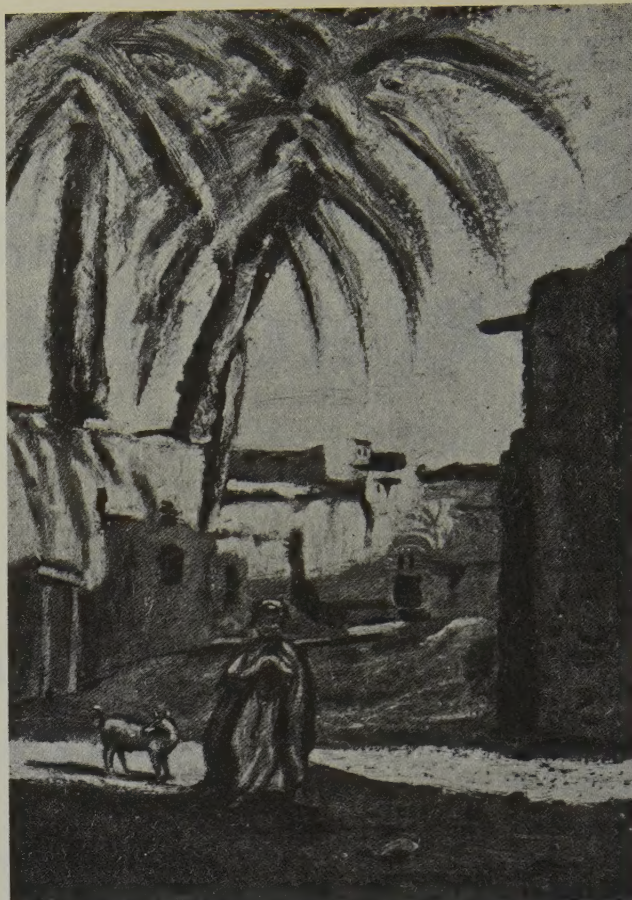
PAUL GOODMAN has been welcome for some years as a versatile contributor to various literary magazines in America and England, and as the author of "The Grand Piano." To that audience which has found his work irresistible, this collection is presented as a literary fête; to those unacquainted with his work, this collection is offered as a challenge. \$2.50

☆☆☆

★★★★★ the vanguard press ★★★★★

424 Madison Avenue

New York 17



EILSHEMIUS

MODERN PAINTINGS

FRENCH

CEZANNE

LEGER

DESPIAU

MATISSE

PICASSO

SOUTINE

AMERICAN

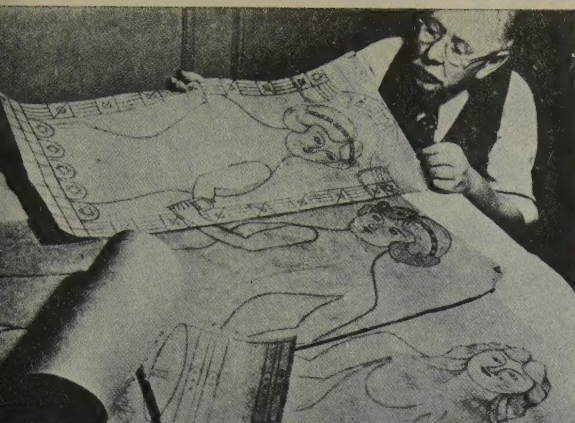
EILSHEMIUS

KANE

TAMAYO

VALENTINE GALLERY

55 EAST 57TH ST., NEW YORK CITY



H I R S H F I E L D
THE ARTIST LAYING OUT HIS DRAWINGS FOR
"INSEPARABLE FRIENDS."

Photo by ARNOLD NEWMANN

●
MY LIFE BIOGRAPHY by Morris Hirshfield

Born in 1872 in a small town of about 1000 inhabitants in Russia-Poland near German border. Mother was German born; father a native of Russia-Poland.

It seems that even in my young days I exhibited artistic tendencies—not in painting—but in wood-carving, for at the tender age of 12 I aroused our little town by producing for myself a unique noise-maker to be used in the Jewish Purim festivals at the synagogue. On this noise-maker I managed to depict the main event of the Purim day by modeling in wood actual miniature figures of the well-known Jewish biblical characters Mordecai, his adopted cousin Esther, Haman and King Xerxes . . . I painted the features to make the appearance more lifelike and actually clothed them in garments I felt befitted their day.

The furor it created was so great that the Rabbi of that congregation was compelled to go to my father pleading that he hide my work-of-art in order that prayers could be rendered.

Seeing my work so well received and admired, I took courage to go on to even greater efforts. At the age of fourteen I undertook the sculpturing in wood of a piece of work almost six feet high for our local synagogue. It formed the prayer stand in front of the scroll on which the Cantor's prayer-books rested. It consisted of two huge lions holding between them the ten commandments. Below the animals were two prayer books lying flat, and on top of the holy volumes were two birds, one holding in his beak a pear, the other a leaf. Everything was carved in full life-like figures and embellished with a good many more ornamental designs which I do not remember in detail and the whole gilded with gold and other colors of paint. . . .

Unless destroyed by the ravages of recent warfare, it still holds its place of honor in the synagogue for I have been told by kinsfolk recently arrived from my home town that when they left it was still standing.

At the age of eighteen I left Europe and came to America where I found a position as worker in a woman's coat factory. After being in the line several years I became engaged and thus stimulated, went into business with my brother in the manufacturing of woman's coats and suits, the firm being known as Hirshfield Brothers. During this period I married.

I stayed in this line for twelve years. While we were making a very nice line of merchandise we could not call it a financial success, so we sold the business and shortly thereafter entered a new field—the manufacturing of boudoir slippers, where I made a huge success, employing over three hundred people. The E. Z. Walk Mfg. Co., as I called it, soon became the biggest manufacturing plant of its kind in N. Y. C.

During all these years, although busy manufacturing, I never quite stifled my strong urge to produce artistically, to paint or carve—although I never quite actually managed to settle down to work on anything. I did turn out several inventions, however, patented in Washington.

After being at the head of the E. Z. Walk Mfg. Co. for fifteen years and enjoying an enviable rating and a well-known name and doing a business of about a million a year, I was suddenly stricken ill and during my long absence the place was so badly managed that on my return I found it impossible to go on. I retired then from active business.

My first paintings, on which I worked so laboriously and which took me so long to produce, were started in 1937 and were called *The Beach Girl* and *Angora Cat*.

It seems that my mind knew well what I wanted to portray but my hands were unable to produce what my mind demanded. After working five months on one and then the other in 1937 I could not carry them out to my satisfaction and so put them to one side, coming back again to them in 1938, when once again, I worked on them for about five or six months. While they were muchly improved, they still did not satisfy me and so again I put them to one side. It was when I took them up again in 1939 for the third time that I brought them out to my entire satisfaction.

(from **THEY TAUGHT THEMSELVES**
by Sidney Janis, Dial Press, 1942)

View

Series V, No. 3, October 1945

THE MODERN MAGAZINE

"Il faut être absolument moderne"—Rimbaud

COVER BY MORRIS HIRSHFIELD

AMERICANA FANTASTICA (drawing)

SIEGFRIED REINHARDT 6

ON THE AMERICAN MACABRE

MARIUS BEWLEY 7

Marius Bewley appears in this number with his first essay for *View*, of which he is a contributing editor. An American who spent his last college years at Cambridge, England, he is now associated with *Art of This Century*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. J. DRUMMOND

8, 9

LUNCH HOUR: 1923

JAMES T. FARRELL 9

THE ELECTRIC LAMP OF DIOGENES

NICOLAS CALAS 10

LA JOUSTE (engraving)

10

ARTCRAFT UNDER SCARCITY ECONOMY

LOWELL NAEVE 11

Lowell Naeve is a non-political, non-religious conscientious objector now in Federal Prison. He has been in solitary confinement for refusal to work other than as an artist while in jail. Before going to prison his reason for refusing to enter the army was that it had "nothing to do with him as a painter."

PORTRAIT OF ETTIE (color reproduction)

FLORINE STETTHEIMER 12

FLORINE STETTHEIMER: A REMINISCENCE

HENRY McBRIDE 13

Henry McBride formerly edited *Creative Art*. He is art critic of the *New York Sun* and is working on a monograph of Florine Stettheimer for the Museum of Modern Art's forthcoming exhibition of her paintings.

ANALYSIS OF A THEME (poem)

WALLACE STEVENS 15

Wallace Stevens is the author of *Harmonium*, *The Man with the Blue Guitar*, *Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction*, *Ideas of Order*, and *Owl's Clover*, all poetry.

THE SEA ANEMONE (gouache)

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW 17

ART

19

"Encyclopedism" of American Art, by Parker Tyler

LITERATURE

Reviews by Harold Rosenberg, Hilary Arm, and Marius Bewley

MUSIC

"Summer Music" marks the debut in *View* of Lou Harrison, young composer-musician-critic, who will contribute regularly.

REPRODUCTIONS OF THE WORK OF LOWELL NAEVE (11), FLORINE STETTHEIMER (13, 14, 15), EDWARD HOPPER (17), AND KURT SELIGMANN (17).

CHARLES HENRI FORD
EDITOR

RENEE KEMPER
ADVERTISING MANAGER
TELEPHONE PLAZA 3-7522.

PARKER TYLER
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

PARIS REPRESENTATIVE
MARY REYNOLDS
24 RUE HALLE (XIV)

JOHN MYERS
MANAGING EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
MARIUS BEWLEY
PAUL BOWLES
PHILIP LAMANTIA
KENNETH MACPHERSON
ROBERT MELVILLE
HAROLD ROSENBERG

ADVISORY BOARD
AARON COPLAND
MARCEL DUCHAMP
HENRY McBRIDE
JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY
STARK YOUNG

BETTY CAGE
EDITORIAL SECRETARY

VIEW IS PUBLISHED EIGHT TIMES A YEAR, MONTHLY FROM OCTOBER THROUGH MAY, BY VIEW, INC., AT 1 EAST 53rd ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. SERIES V, No. 3, OCTOBER, 1945. 50 CENTS A COPY: \$3.50 A YEAR. ARMED FORCES: \$3.00 A YEAR. LATIN AMERICA AND CANADA: \$3.75 A YEAR; FOREIGN: \$4.00 A YEAR. COPYRIGHT, 1945, BY VIEW, INC. MANUSCRIPTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPES. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER JANUARY 26, 1944, AT THE POST OFFICE NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3RD, 1879.



SIEGFRIED REINHARDT'S "AMERICANA FANTASTICA." Only nineteen and in the army, Siegfried Reinhardt for years up to the present moment has devoted himself to minutely realistic drawings as well as to painting. He reports that the ambition to out-Dürer Dürer controls his

fingers when he works and he comes out of his creative fits at once exalted and overwhelmed by his presumption. The above drawing was commissioned by View as a subject suited to the labyrinthine obsession of this young artist's pen.

On the American Macabre

by MARIUS BEWLEY

THE problem of the macabre, if it is to be regarded as something more than a bonbon for the connoisseur of letters, involves a set of terms larger than those commonly employed by literary appreciation. Its meaning is not so exactly registered as to prevent ambiguities of interpretation, and if disputes have not more often arisen among critics as to its nature and significance, it is because they have evaded its darkness by christening it The Ghoul Haunted Kingdom and leaving it to the esoteric exorcisms of writers like Montagu Summers or, at best, Mario Praz. In such a brief consideration of the macabre as the present one the most that can be done is to point towards a partial working definition, hoping that such a makeshift will bear up under the various strains imposed upon it. One finds the germ of such a definition in an episode of Hawthorne's story of the White Mountains, "The Ambitious Guest". The grandmother, turning to her children, requests that when she is dressed in her grave clothes and lying in her coffin, they will hold a looking-glass before her face so that she may see "whether all's right". The macabre deals with the coquetry of decay. Like the grandmother, it presents Death contemplating himself in the conviction he has a legitimate physical life of his own. Starting with the positive, the macabre progresses through decay towards final annihilation. It is therefore only analogously an esthetic, for its final end is compression and negation. Romanticism and Classicism with their activist modes aim in an opposite direction. Their final effect is to reassure and absolve. But the macabre turns its face backwards and seeks the beautiful by paint-

ing the skull. It represents the desperate resolve of a guilt-ridden sensibility seeking escape through impenitence. Therefore, as an esthetic it does not compass the problems of a fully matured and conscious personality, but it has a facility for getting itself picked up in crowded places by other attitudes whose embraces may be larger than its own. It is this promiscuous compoundability that accounts for its intrusion into the most unexpected quarters.

When we qualify terms such as Romantic or Classic by attributing a nationality to them we radically narrow and intensify their meanings. We understand this when we consider how disparate are the concepts which rise in our minds at the terms American Classicism and French Classicism. Not only do we think of unequal, or even hostile brands, but by contemplating the difference we are able to arrive at a more accurate idea of the peculiar genius of either nation. And so it is reasonable to suppose that when we speak of the *American macabre* we use a phrase from which it might be possible to draw certain conclusions that would throw a slightly stronger light on our literary development.

The American macabre, inasfar as it is an endemic growth and not a Gothic importation in the novels of Charles Brockden Brown or the plays of William Dunlap, exhibits a steady line of development that has consistently been in close communication with the changes in national temperament, and which has arrived at its fullest definition in our own time. Something of the character of this development may be gleaned by juxtaposing three passages of macabre content. The first passage, taken from *Letters from an*

American Farmer by Hector St. Jean de Crèvecoeur, was written a few years before the American Revolution.

"I was," writes Crèvecoeur, "not long since invited to dine with a planter who lived three miles from——, where he then resided. In order to avoid the heat of the sun, I resolved to go on foot, sheltered in a small path, leading through a pleasant wood. I was leisurely travelling along, attentively examining some peculiar plants which I had collected, when all at once I felt the air strangely agitated; though the day was perfectly calm and sultry. I immediately cast my eyes towards the cleared ground, from which I was but a small distance, in order to see if it was not occasioned by a sudden shower; when at that instant a sound resembling a deep rough voice uttered, as I thought, a few inarticulate monosyllables. Alarmed and surprised, I perceived at about six rods distance something resembling a cage, suspended to the limbs of a tree; all the branches of which appeared covered with large birds of prey, fluttering about and anxiously endeavouring to perch on the cage. Actuated by an involuntary motion of my hands more than by any design of my mind, I fired at them; they all flew to a short distance with a most hideous noise; when, horrid to think and painful to repeat, I perceived a negro suspended in the cage and left there to expire! I shudder when I recollect that the birds had already pecked out his eyes, his cheek bones were bare; his arms had been attacked in several places, and his body seemed covered with a multitude of wounds. From the edges of the hollow sockets and from the lacerations with which he was disfigured,

the blood slowly dropped and tinged the ground beneath. No sooner were the birds flown than swarms of insects covered the whole body of this unfortunate wretch, eager to feed on his mangled flesh and to drink his blood. I found myself suddenly arrested by the power of affright and terror; my nerves were convulsed; I trembled. . . ."

It is noticeable that Crèvecoeur is personally involved in this passage only by his delicately protracted contemplation of nerves tingling in response to horror. This tautness of the nerves, this high-keyed reaction to the dreadful, was to characterize American writers like Poe, raising their work above the English brand of the macabre where, as in the writing of Monk Lewis, horror becomes largely a matter of visual decorative detail. But the significance of this passage lies chiefly in presenting at such an early date the raw material for a national guilt with which the frontier would later deal in its own ingenious way. Crèvecoeur, a cultivated French gentleman who had entered the Colonies from Canada, is still able to pass a detached European judgment on the horror that confronts him, and therefore the passage is free from any tortured or neurotic undertones. It is macabre only because of the fact related.

The second passage is from an Abolitionist novel, *Autobiography of a Female Slave*, written by Mattie Griffiths in 1857. The heroine is a beautiful mulatto girl whom we find in this passage confronting the whipping post because she has broken a saucer.

'This was a quadri-lateral post, about eight feet in height, having iron clasps on two opposing sides, in which the wrists and ankles were tightly secured.

"Now Lindy," cried Jones, "jerk off that gal's rigging, I am anxious to put some marks on her yellow skin."

"I knew that resistance was vain; so I submitted to have my clothes torn from my body; for modesty, so much commended in a white woman, is in a negro pronounced affectation."

"Jones drew down a long cow-hide which he dipped in a barrel of brine that stood near the post."

"I guess this will sting," he said as he flourished the whip towards me.

"Leave that thin slip on me Lindy," I ventured to ask, for I dreaded the exposure of my person even more than the whipping.

"None of your cursed impudence; strip off naked. . . ."

"Lindy and Nace tore the last clothing from my back. I felt my soul shiver and shudder at this; but what could I do? *I could pray*—thank God I could pray!

"I then submitted to have Nace clasp the iron cuffs around my hands and ankles. . . . With what misery I listened to the obscene and ribald jests from my master and his overseer!

"Now Jones," said Mr. Peterkin, "I want to give that gal the first lick which will lay the flesh open to the bone."

"Well, Mr. Peterkin, here is the whip; now you can lay on."

"No, confound your whip; I wants that cow-hide, and here, let me dip it well into the brine. I want to give her a real good warmin', one that she'll remember for a long time."

"The first lick from Mr. Peterkin laid my back open. I writhed, I wrestled; but blow after blow descended, each harder than the preceding one. Mr. Peterkin having fully gratified and quenched his spleen, turned to Mr. Jones and said, "Now is yer turn. . . ."

Probably no reforming novel ever carried a heavier message of frustration and perversion. National guilt has become explicit by the very idea of an Abolitionist novel, but the moral censure has made an about-face since the pure days of Crèvecoeur. The writer is no longer detached from the guilt which he contemplates, but is personally involved in it. The lip-licking tone of this writing, its secret delight in its nastiness and brutality, indicate a contaminated sensibility not yet wholly aware of itself. The tendencies

that are inadvertently revealed here through the author's cultural illiteracy are unabashedly acknowledged in the third passage taken from a story in a pulp-paper magazine which was banned from Middle Western news-stands several years ago.

"Gilda was tied by her wrists to a post in the basement of the hangout. In the yellow glare of the electric light her breasts rose like two ivory globes under her brassière. The Weasel approached her from the corner of the basement. A cigarette dangled from his mouth and his little eyes gleamed evilly. He stood in front of Gilda, letting his eyes pass over her. She shrank in terror as he drew a long knife from his pocket. Raising his hard, merciless hand he jerked off her brassière and placed the sharp edge of his knife against her quivering breast."

"Cut it out, Weasel," snarled Charley who had been watching from the door. 'There's better things to do with pretty girls than that.'"

The guilt which aroused Crèvecoeur's indignation and tickled Mattie Griffith's moral sensibility

so delightfully, has been by the time this passage is reached, transformed into the cold hard fact of confessed sadism. It is not to be held against this quotation that it comes from a pulp-paper publication, for Weasel's counterpart can be found at several levels of American literature. He is not far removed from Pop Eye, the degenerate hero of Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, who began his career by cutting up a pair of love-birds with embroidery scissors, and ended it by committing an unnatural rape. And they are both members of that American family in which Steinbeck's Lennie, with his love for girls and dead mice, is a more sensitive member, and the criminals pursued through the comic strip by Dick Tracy, are recognizable cousins. In the three passages quoted the effects of a brutal environment are increasingly apparent on the writer's sensibility, until in the third, it is difficult to envisage a further submission to its claims. And it is a rough-shod brutality remote from the finesse of the French macabrists. The hierarchy of intense perversion across

which Maldoror won his way to fulfillment in a female shark means little to a literature in which such brutality, so far from being an esoteric and cultivated malady, became the respectable by-product of national expansion. America is peculiar in offering an historical development that enabled her macabrists to pass for folk writers, sociologists, political theorists, and humourists.

This American triumph in metamorphosis was largely possible because of the unusual conditions prevailing along the shifting line of frontier. William Dunlap wrote of the frontier as "The asylum of European crimes," and Audubon in his *Journal* tells how, in the Ohio Valley, it was necessary in punishing desperadoes of the worst species to cut off their heads and stick them on poles along the wilderness roads as warnings to other criminals. The frontier code of manners and morals was distorted by the fundamental requirement of survival, and vices and virtues had a habit of becoming transposed. The most popular story told in the backwoods of Sam Brady, the honoured Indian scout, was how he had saved himself from the savages by throwing a papoose into the fire. Backwoodsmen, stripped stark naked and tied within a few inches of each other so that neither could run away, fought to death armed with bowie knives; and where eye-gouging was looked upon as good form it was unlikely that finer discriminations should be delicately apprehended. The effect of a helpless slave class in fostering American brutality, despite the Carolinian talk of a Greek Democracy, was suggested in two of the quotations given here. But the war of annihilation which the Americans waged against the Indians was only a little less gruesome in its ravages on the American sensibility. One does not even have to go to the frontier for evidence. In 1837 the Philadelphia playwright, Robert Montgomery Bird, published the most successful Indian story up to that time. *Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay* tells of an epileptic Quaker, Bloody Nathan, whose family had been murdered by Indians before his eyes. He himself had been scalped, but lived through it to bear the horrifying scar as a reminder to kill as many Indians as



PERSONAL INJURIES

Documentary Photograph by A. J. Drummond

[Continued on page 18]

Lunch Hour: 1923

by JAMES T. FARRELL

M*Y sweetie went away, but she didn't say where, she didn't say when, didn't say why, Or bid me goodbye . . .*

Tom Finnegan and Al Bates rushed into the song shop on West Monroe Street. It was a large store. The floor was of tile, and silver dollars were embedded in it in a regular pattern. On the right, from the entrance, there were counters, and on the left hand side, directly down from the doorway there was a glass case. In the back, there were several glassed in booths with victrolas and chairs inside of them.

"Rain'n all right," Al Bates said.

Tom nodded.

The female song plugger, a blonde with a slightly bloated face, sang to the crowd in a cracked falsetto.

I know she loves another, but she didn't say who, she didn't say which, she didn't say what her papa has got—that took my sweetie from me.

"Keen, all right," Al said.

Tom nodded. He looked around at the crowd of youths like himself, and girls, cake-eaters and flappers who came here almost every lunch hour to listen to the new songs. They were all about the store, singly and in groups, and some of them swayed and kept time to the songs by swinging their shoulders or tapping their feet in fast rhythms.

"I'd like to have all of them on the floor," Al said, pointing at one of the silver dollars.

I know that I'll die—Why don't she hurry back home . . .

Al mumbled the first lines of the song, *My Sweetie Went Went Away*, and then he said:

"Keen."

Tom, medium sized, blond, good looking, gazed around to see if he might spot any one he knew, or else, to try and catch

the eye of a girl.

"Nice mamas come here," Al said.

"Uh yeah," Tom answered. "If I had dough, though, I wouldn't be coming here."

"That's why I said I wish I had the dollars in the floor, and more of the same," Al said.

The proprietor sang in a broken-voiced tenor.

You're the kind of a girl that men forget,

Just a toy to enjoy for a while . . .

"Sad song," Al said.

His eyes roved here and there,

and fastened on a thinnish blonde girl in a raccoon coat. She stood by herself, her face betraying a sentimental absorption in the singer.

"You'd get a lot mamas if you owned a shop like this," Al said. *And you'll soon realize you're not so wise . . .*

"I like the blonde mama in the raccoon coat," Al said.

"I, too," Tom said.

When they play Here Comes the Bride, you'll stand outside

Just a girl that men forget . . .

Young people came and left

continually, and there was a constant noise of shuffling feet. Three cake-eaters lounged by the glass case a foot or so away from Tom and Al, and surveyed the scene with sophisticated superiority. Al and Tom looked at them. They were better dressed than Al and Tom, taller and better built.

"Those cakes are dressed collegiate. Keen. Hot," Al said.

"Uh huh," Tom exclaimed.

They wore long, loose beltless coats, and their black hats slanted devilishly over their foreheads. Their shirts looked brand new, and they had colorful ties on. They wore new tan broughams, also.

Tom looked outside. He was not so well dressed. It was raining out, and his clothes were damp, and had lost their press. He looked back a bit enviously at the three cakes.

No, no Nora, nobody but you dear . . .

Many in the crowd shuffled their feet. Patent leather toes wiggled, slid on the floor. Bell bottoms flounced, and hips and shoulders swung and swayed.

And would I trade you for kisses.

"Ah boy. Keen," Al said.

A blond youth began moving and dancing back and forth in a radius of about two square feet, doing what seemed like a combination of the frisco and a cake walk, sticking out plump buttocks now and then, shaking and wiggling them, holding his chest erect, his face clouding with an expression of intense absorption in himself and his movements. He snapped his fingers, bent, squatted, rose, swayed and toe danced, while others clapped and cheered, and swayed their shoulders in rhythm with him.

"Ummm," exclaimed Al.

No, no Nora, No, No!

[Continued on page 20]



DRUMMOND

"PHOTOGRAPH YOUR INJURIES AT ONCE"

You cannot photograph your pains but you can photograph the wound. Time heals everything—so photograph it now.
A. J. Drummond.

The Electric Lamp of Diogenes

by NICOLAS CALAS

To men's shame, we know that the laws of the game are the only ones that everywhere are just, clear, held inviolable and strictly followed.—VOLTAIRE

IT IS not always easy to explain group conduct; that is why impressionist remarks can be revealing. The following comments by Europeans on certain aspects of American life are valuable not for the "truth" they contain—some of them even may appear shockingly "untrue"—but because they are extreme forms of reaction and are symptomatic insofar as they help us understand either the character of that "undisturbed commerce"—as David Hume would have said—between Americans, or the difficulties in establishing "undisturbed commerce" between certain groups of Europeans and the Americans.

Clemenceau's comment (which, with the others, I will give below) is established on the principle of justice—a very natural one to be followed by him. Was it not the French who were the first to change the Roman juriconsult's "equales sunt" and apply it to politics, and is it not the French idea, according to which all men ought to be equal, that inspired the "all men are born equal" of the American Declaration of Independence?

The second remark, coming from a German statesman, one of the first victims of the Nazis, was chosen because this great lawyer put the emphasis on emotions, thus revealing the romantic character of German political thought.

The third comment made by the father of psychoanalysis loses much of its sensational character if we stop to consider Freud's Jewish cultural background and his middle-class Viennese up-

bringing. How could he approve of a civilization in which the Oedipus Complex had become so much less oppressive than in the Old Continent?

The fourth remark made by a French surrealist author and medical doctor show what types of reaction are to be expected from the European writers of a generation who have been influenced by Freud. Its value consists in the fact that it points to the direction that must be followed if Freud's condemnation has to be explained away.

The fifth and last quotation comes from a young and practically unknown French author but is typical of the tendency of the anti-freudian and anti-surrealist French to replace the dynamic criterion of depth psychology with a study of manners made in a mandarin spirit.

* * *

Clemenceau said that one of the things that had impressed him the most in this country was the

sight of an American admiral playing cards in the train with a fellow-passenger's butler. Such behavior, he adds, would be unthinkable in any European country.

Walter Rathenau said that the trouble with America was that she had never really suffered.

Freud, according to Max Eastman, declared bluntly that American civilization was a "tremendous miscarriage."

Pierre Mabille, the surrealist writer, remarked to me during his brief stay in New York on his way back to France from Mexico that he was struck by the lack of any notable evidences of a father-complex in America.

Another French writer, Etiemble, who lived in New York and Chicago for a few years, complained bitterly of the lack of manners and of etiquette. He said to me how shocked he was to see the elevator boy of an important building show so little respect for his rather glamorous uniform

that he began to beat with his feet the rhythm of a boogie-woogie while on duty, and that furthermore none of the passengers in the elevator protested at this behavior.

What Rathenau and Freud objected to in America was the lack of those emotional qualities which they consider indispensable for the maintenance of civilization, but while Rathenau attributes the weakness to what in a narrower sense is a favorable anomaly, Freud dismisses the subject as hopeless.

While Clemenceau gives a striking confirmation of the persistence, in the American pattern of manners, of a situation that a century ago so struck Alexis de Tocqueville. It is worth quoting here the introductory sentences of the justly famed *Democracy in America*: "Among the novel objects that attracted my attention during my stay in the United States, nothing struck me more forcibly than the general equality of condition among the people. I readily discovered the prodigious influence that this primary fact exercises in the whole course of society; it gives a particular direction to public opinion and a peculiar tenor to the laws. . . ." Probably Mabille had this text in the back of his mind when he formulated the same problem in psychological terms.

If one now classifies the above examples from the point of view of the opposition, sociology-psychology, then the two extreme opinions are respectively held by Etiemble and Mabille. Such a polarization has the advantage of contrasting at the same time the opinions of a modern adherent of classicism such as Etiemble, and a romantic thinker like Mabille.

[Continued on page 22]



LA JOUSTE

THE JOUST

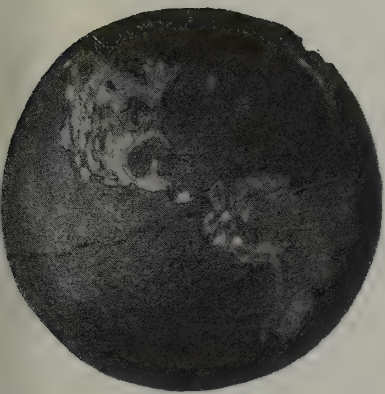
BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

Though they be fairly matched,
There is no doubt at all
That each antagonist

Will either stand or fall:
Who takes the wiser course,
The horseman or the horse?

Artcraft Under Scarcity Economy

by LOWELL NAEVE



CONCERNING the things I've made in prison: Our experiments with *papier-mâché* began about a year and a half ago, using the only materials available here in segregation. From the crumbly, dirty-looking wads which resulted from our first attempts at soaking and then drying torn-up newspaper, we worked up to a good, putty-like near-plastic composed of oatmeal and newspaper. Along the way, we tried wheatena paste, mashed potatoes, syrup and bran flakes; we even tried mixing in grass, sand, and fibers of hair. But we found the best binder for the paper to be the cooked oatmeal we get for breakfast; after the yellow oat-husk is removed by squeezing the oatmeal through a clean sock, a pure white paste remains. (There was an almost daily struggle for the oatmeal between us who wanted it for "home industry" and the philistines who wanted to eat it.)

We processed the newspaper by tearing it up, soaking it in hot water (in the mop bucket) for a week, and rubbing it to a pulp over a screen; then, mixed with the squeezed-out oatmeal, it was dried over a radiator. Just any newspaper will not do: The *Chicago Tribune*, for example, was found to be impossible, and the slick magazine cannot be reduced to pulp. The *New York Times* proved best. This oatmeal-paste-



newspaper-pulp mixture, out of which I made the guitar, globe, and other things, is known in Upper Hartford as "Borsodi"—from association of this long-way method of production with the Borsodi-ite decentralism some of our friends preach.

A GLOBE OF THE EARTH: I made the globe by casting it on a form made out of homemade cardboard. Eight-ply cardboard, composed of that many layers of full newspaper pages glued together with oatmeal paste, was strong enough to make the form shown in the accompanying drawing. Strips of paper pasted over this skeleton covered the cardboard ribs and made a round ball, nearly a foot and a half in diameter.

Then over this round form, I put a half-inch thick layer of pulp-oatmeal paste — to be the globe itself. Between the form and

the shell, I had placed a thin layer of oleo, to keep them from sticking together. After the cover dried, I cut it open, removed the form, glued the halves together again, and had a hollow globe. By applying several more coats of the pulp-oatmeal paste, I strengthened the ball and made it perfectly round. The surface was solid and hard.

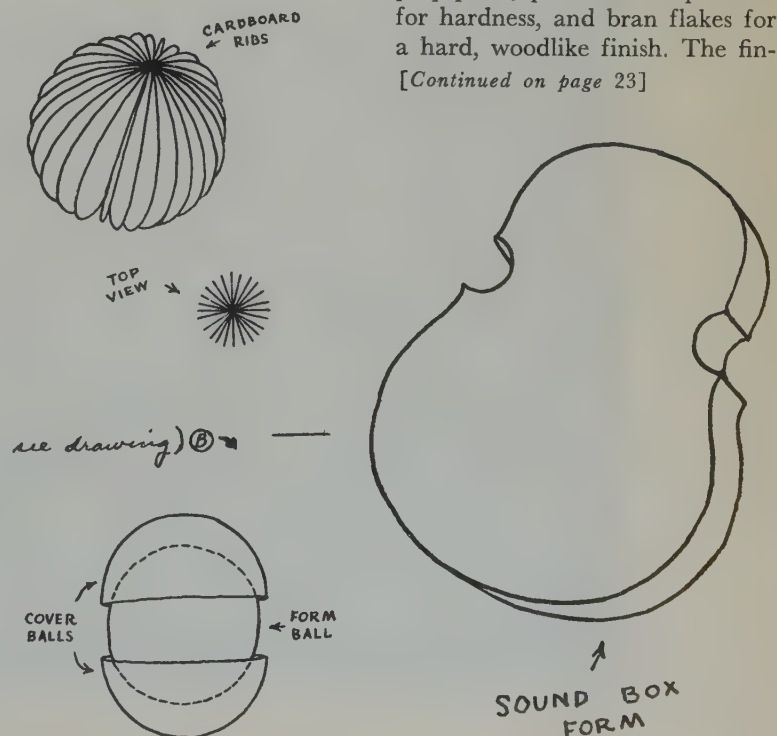
After this came the tedious work of drawing the meridians and parallels, and locating islands, cities and continental boundaries with a *National Geographic* map for guide. Using the pulp-oatmeal paste, I built up the important mountain ranges in exaggerated relief; onto the bottom of the globe, I added three prongs to serve as a stand. Finally came the coloring of the globe-ocean, bright blue, with the land masses of a subtle brown. This was the end of a year's off-and-on work which did not always go as smoothly as is sounds—plenty of

trial and error and blind alleys.

TENOR CONCERT GUITAR: The sound box of the guitar was made in the same general way as the globe—by casting it onto a form, this time solid. Over the form (again covered lightly with oleo to keep it from sticking) I put a quarter-inch layer of the oatmeal-paper-paste. A novelty in making the guitar was use of an "oven" to bake it in (the oven a cardboard box, with glass windows and circulation vent, on a radiator).

As with the globe, I cut the outer shell open, took out the form, and glued the halves back together; additional coats of pulp-paste strengthened the box and covered the seam. With more pulp-paste, I built up the scratch-board: with old razor blades, I carefully cut out the sound holes. I cast the neck separately by the same process, and glued it onto the sound-box with the paste. Then the whole guitar was finished off with two thin coats of pulp-paste, plus mashed potatoes for hardness, and bran flakes for a hard, woodlike finish. The fin-

[Continued on page 23]





Portrait of Ettie, 1923, by Florine Stettheimer

Florine Stettheimer: A Reminiscence

by HENRY McBRIDE

FOR twenty years or more, at every opportunity, I have been preaching the doctrine of seclusion to American painters,* seeing how unequally they seem to be coping with the pressure that present-day publicity puts upon them. Obviously in doing this I have addressed only those who felt the imperative urge to create. Those others who looked upon painting as a mere money-making profession could, I thought, be left to their own devices. They would get the money very likely; the others would win that deep attention of the connoisseurs that more often leads to fame.

* * *

I never had occasion to preach the idea to Florine Stettheimer for she seemed to be considerably aloof from the world when I first came to know her; aloof, that is, as an artist. She and her two sisters, the Misses Carrie and Ettie Stettheimer, had a numerous and intimate acquaintance among the

* Noting the frequency in America with which quite evidently gifted men start promisingly upon their careers only to succumb, at the first taste of success, to the temptation to paint what sells, and noting also that most of our native "classics", such as Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, Albert Ryder, George Fuller and Ralph Blakelock, lived practically as recluses, I thought for a time that this inability to be valiant in the face of the public was a weakness peculiar to this land. But in that I find I was mistaken. Only recently I came across a remark in the memoirs of Stefan Zweig, "The World of Yesterday," which convinces me that the trait is characteristic of this period rather than this country exclusively. Mr. Zweig said, recounting his experience in Paris:

"From 1900 to 1914 I never saw a reference to Paul Valéry as a poet in either *Figaro* or *Le Matin*; Marcel Proust was looked upon as the dandy of the salons, and Romain Rolland as a well-informed scholar in music. They were almost fifty years of age before the first timid ray of renown touched their names, and their great work had been accomplished in the center of the most inquisitive, most intellectual city in the world."

"intellectuals" of the town and there were frequent dinners and "evenings" in the Stettheimer residence and sometimes in Miss Stettheimer's studio, but no one that I knew was much in the artist's confidence in regard to her projects for painting, or knew her processes in achieving them. The pictures were shown only when finished, but when finished they were apt to be shown triumphantly in the studio to a few invited guests. The portraits in particular usually had parties given for their "debuts", the sitters being permitted to invite their own guests for this unveiling and steeling themselves in advance not only against the *badinage* of the portrait but also of the "assistance",

the sum total of this *badinage* always being considerable. The sitters, I should hastily add, never actually sat, for the portraits were imaginative portraits and sometimes exceedingly whimsical.

I suppose I came nearer to sitting than most of the others, for my portrait originated during a house-party given by Stettheimers in a Seabright cottage many years ago, and one evening I detected the artist over in one corner of the salon furtively jotting down, presumably, some of my lineaments, but I was not permitted to see what hieroglyphics she had acquired nor how many—but they must have been few. At the time of this house-party the Seabright lawn-tennis tournament

was in progress and as I was in those days something of a player and mad about the game I went over each afternoon to see what the sensational new Frenchmen, Borotra, Cochet and Lacoste (then playing for the first time in America), were doing. When my portrait made its debut the next winter I was as much astonished as anybody else to find myself seated in the picture against the background of a tennis tournament in full progress. Up above in the sky and elsewhere were references to my aesthetic preoccupations, such as a hint of the celebrated palm-tree watercolor by Winslow Homer, the statue of "Woman" by Gaston Lachaise, a watercolor by John Marin, and so on; but the heavy emphasis upon tennis in the picture was something that I had to explain away to many critics. I have scarcely yet lived it down.

The heavy emphasis in the Carl Van Vechten portrait is laid, properly enough, on books, two heavy tomes occupying the foreground of the composition, one of them being the already classic "Tiger in the House";—but in spite of these products of a mature mind Miss Stettheimer preferred to take an ageless view of the author and portrayed him as a guileless youth. She rejected age in all of her friends, for that matter, and in the portraits turned us into the essences of what we were. The "too, too solid flesh" meant nothing to her. She weighed the spirit. She knew very well that Mr. Van Vechten frequented cafés, both in Paris and New York, and said so in the picture;—but apparently she did not hold it against him.

But for whimsy, the portrait of Marcel Duchamp is "tops". There was nothing accidental in this, for Marcel in real life is pure fantasy. If you were to study his



PORTRAIT OF HENRY McBRIDE (1922)

Florine Stettheimer

paintings, and particularly his artconstructions, and were then to try to conjure up his physical appearance, you could not fail to guess him, for he is his own best creation, and exactly what you thought. In the portrait he is something of a Pierrot perched aloft upon a Jack-in-the-Box contraption which he is surreptitiously manipulating to gain greater height for his apotheosis. Among the "outside" portraits this is the best from the point of view of pure painting. It is also the simplest. The most complicated character in the whole contemporary range of modern art has been reduced to one transparent equation. I call them "outside" portraits for, though Miss Stettheimer did witty, colorful, and acutely observed portraits of Louis Bouché, Baron de Meyer, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Virgil Thomson, she lavished much the best of her work on delineations of her own family. She did them all, her sisters, her mother, and herself many times.

The security of her home life released all her powers. Knowing herself to be immune from criticism in that quarter she dared everything in the way of technique and rounded out the highly personal method of painting that now gives her a clear title to general attention. No other woman-painter in America, with the possible exception of Georgia O'Keeffe, has achieved so distinct a style; and in France there is Marie Laurencin; those three stand out definitely from the throng, but as they hail from different planets, are not to be classed together. The Stettheimer way of painting, as I have said, can only be imagined, as I never saw it being done. I confess to looking at some of the new pictures years ago with skepticism, for there were all sorts of unusual doings in them not to be observed in other artists' work, and which looked impermanent. But they have lasted. In the twenty years or so that I have known them I have seen no discoloration of the pigments nor any fading; which is more than I can say for most of our American impressionistic works of the same period. What disquieted me most were the thin tones washed over heavily built-up foundations of Chinese white, and other areas of paint which looked occasionally as though they had been "poured" upon the canvas rather than brushed. But the

fact remains—these things have lasted — and I was needlessly alarmed. On the few occasions when I spoke of this work in the press I used the word "alchemy." I had no other term for it. It violated all the rules—but it worked.

The one exception to the *vie secrete* of Miss Stettheimer, the one time she dared to come before the public, was, as you might suspect, a concession to friendship; and it resulted in the famous presentation of Gertrude Stein's famous opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts." I think I was present in the studio the night Virgil first saw Florine's paintings and his enthusiasm for them touched her deeply. Like Pavel Tchelitchew, like Marcel Duchamp, like all the Parisians who saw the artist's work, he exclaimed: "Why have I never heard of these things?", and added, "What a *succès* they'd have in Paris!" When the thought was put into words by someone, "Why shouldn't Florine do the sets for Four Saints?", he said instantly, "That would be perfect," and there was never any question after that but that Florine was to do them. The actual presentation occurred, as you remember, in the Wadsworth Atheneum of Hartford, due to the courageous connoisseurship of its director, Everett ("Chick") Austin, a genius of the first order as museum director (and one whose honorable record should be compiled before the details of it fade from mind). Many of us had heard the composer sing the words of the opera to his own piano accompaniment in Carl Van Vechten's house and later in the Stettheimer house, but in spite of our ecstatic appreciation of the unexpectedness and humor of both words and music few of us actually thought it ever could be "done". So when the curtains were pulled apart at the first performance even those who were already admirers of Miss Stettheimer's work were dazzled and surprised by the enchanting spectacle the stage presented. For my part, in all my considerable experience, I don't recall a more painter-like décor for an opera. The background of crumpled cellophane, itself illuminated from the rear, repeated the effect of the brushstrokes, which must have been a happy accident—for how can it have been anticipated? — but "happy accidents" only arrive to artists who deserve them, i.e., to those who think in a painter-like



PORTRAIT OF CARL VAN VECHTEN (1922)

Florine Stettheimer



PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER (1923)

Florine Stettheimer



way. And before this background the costumes of the actors at once took on El Greco-ish, Mantegnaesque characteristics. I saw the opera eight times, each time with increased admiration for the libretto, the music, and the settings; and if there should turn out to be truth in the rumor occasionally going about that Sir Thomas Beecham intends to do the opera in London, then I shall make one grand effort to get there and see it a ninth time.

The exhilaration of this affair and the publicity that attended it possibly made the artist more aware of the outside world for it was after this that she began the series of "cathedral" pictures, playful satires upon certain great city activities, and which some critics hold to be the finest achievements; the "Cathedrals of Wall Street," the "Cathedrals of Broadway" (summing up cinema activities), and the uncompleted "Cathedrals of Art" (summing up the picture galleries). These astonishing panels glisten with gold and radiant colors. Miss Ettie Stettheimer told me once that she thought the most characteristic trait of her sister's work was its power of giving off light. This is certainly true of these panels. They are also packed with ironic comment upon the great, the

PORTRAIT OF MAGGIE (1923?) F. S.



powerful, and the merely conspicuous elements of the city. It is peculiarly unfortunate that the "Cathedrals of Art" remained unfinished, for in it she had a theme that entertained her vastly—but her last illness prevented its complete realization.

* * *

With the memorial exhibition scheduled for the Museum of Modern Art, the general public will have an opportunity to make acquaintance with the work that has entertained the artist's friends in private these many years. For them, these friends, it was difficult to separate the two: the artist and the work. There was something flowerlike and fragile in each production and the same adjectives applied to the artist and to the studio background that she had contrived for herself. This studio in the old Beaux Arts Building on Bryant Park was a first-rate curiosity, certain to startle the visitor privileged to enter it but stifling the criticisms even of the inexperienced by its authenticity. The picture that might rest on the easel spoke in a language that everything in the room confirmed.

The Modern Museum memorial is an unprecedented enterprise, for the public is now invited to judge the work of a comparative stranger. The event, at the moment of this writing, has had no preparatory publicity. The fame of Miss Stettheimer, if she is to have posthumous fame, starts at "scratch". This is unique. Fame, in the arts, is usually brought about by the competitive interest of the collectors. In this case the collectors have been kept at bay by the artist's reluctance to exhibit, a reluctance not at all morbid but based on an awareness that imaginative works of art require imaginative backgrounds not always available in the average art galleries. So the attitude of the public towards the paintings will be watched with peculiar interest. The "rapport" between the public and this art may be hesitant at the beginning but one may believe it will develop. After all, Miss Stettheimer's painting is not more difficult than Odilon Redon's. Fantasy is not caviar! The taste for it scarcely has to be taught.

*"All things counter, original, spare, strange:
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise Him."*

☆ analysis of a theme

by Wallace Stevens

THEME

How happy I was the day I told the young Blandina
of three-legged giraffes . . .

ANALYSIS

In the conscious world, the great clouds
Potter in the summer sky.

It is a province—

Of ugly, subconscious time, in which
There is no beautiful eye
And no true tree,

There being no subconscious place,
Only Indyterranean
Resemblances

Of place: time's haggard mongrels.
Yet in time's middle deep,
In its abstract motion,

Its immaterial monsters move,
Without physical pedantry
Or any name.

Invisible, they move and are,
Not speaking worms, nor birds
Of mutable plume,

Pure coruscations, that lie beyond
The imagination, intact
And unattained,

Even in Paris, in the Gardens
Of Acclimatization,
On a holiday.

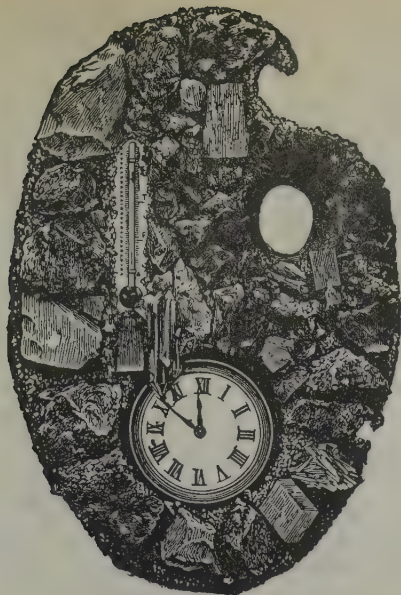
The knowledge of bright-ethered things
Bears us toward time, on its
Perfective wings.

We enjoy the ithy oonts and long-haired
Plomets, as the Herr Gott
Enjoys his comets.



COLLECTION GEORGE PLATT LYNES

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW'S "Sea Anemone" (above) is one of the gouaches exhibited early this year at Durlacher Bros., showing the artist's new phase of translucent and metamorphic anatomy. Parker Tyler has interpreted this latest period in an essay, "Human Anatomy as the Expanding Universe," which will appear soon in View.



Art

"ENCYCLOPAEDISM" OF AMERICAN ART

By PARKER TYLER

FOLLOWING so much attention elsewhere, these columns could serve no function by criticizing or otherwise assessing the new acquisitions of American Art by the Encyclopaedia Britannica. But it occurred to me that I might take one painting of the American section and try to discover whether the art of them all is so dull as it looks. No sooner had I found that "Cape Cod Evening" by Edward Hopper was one of the acquisitions than it appeared I might use this as a touchstone to cast a fresh illumination upon the group . . . Because, of all American painters, Hopper is richest in that laconism of literal representation that provokes because one feels it must mean more than it seems to say, so little does it seem to say.

To my mind, the cold northern sea-light, the façade of the house, the uniform gloom of the wooded background to the left, the blond monotony of the grass in the foreground, broken only by the figure of the collie dog, the rather grim plainness of the man and woman propped against their home, compared with the relatively ornate vivacity of the dog—all this is typical of the surface hardness, quaintness of touch, and spiritual poverty in many sections of America. Hopper is known for the merciless inquisition of his light—a sort of light of judgment, appearing unexpectedly to show life as it is caught unawares. Not that all such scenes of his do not also have the smug, even querulous, integrity that says bluntly: "We're minding our own business. See that you mind yours." Hopper has the secret of imparting a certain *militant* vitality to his most commonplace still-life.

Indeed, it is striking that an ambiguity exists about all his presentations of commonplace reality—a middle-class parlor, a gas station, an evening on Cape Cod. People and things speak

with equally eloquent gestures. In one Interior, electric light seems to be the true inhabitant rather than the absent human presences. This couple who are taking their comfort by their Cape Cod home and being faintly amused by the playfulness of their pet—their humanity is not their most interesting trait; they are much like robots, beings whose function it is merely to keep animals and inhabit houses. Such a vision of life certainly transcends itself by meaning so little that it makes room for some symbolic kind of meaning, just as, if we could approach these people more closely, we might read in their eyes stories that have nothing to do with the dog or the scene.

The very coldness and reticence of the atmosphere, the fact that the visible part of the house, with its modern-barbarian style, looks like a mere façade (a stage-set, with the door behind the seated man opening into nothing)—these traits, as though by force of a vacuum, draw the imagination into the picture and transform its spiritual elements. I cannot help recalling that a famous legend of this part of America is a sea legend; that once women stood on shore like this woman, with fo'ded arms, and gazed after their husbands, sons, fathers, and sweethearts, sailing away to wrest a livelihood from treacherous waters. At such moments the shore had less reality than the sea, just as the house in this picture has less reality than the brightlit grass in front of it, for the sailor-husbandman, embarking on his life-task, might never return, and then the home would probably crumble under this indirect attack by the sea. Does not this green grass have the appearance of water, and is the dog not submerged in it partly, like a ship? The drama of plastic contrasts created by Hopper is susceptible to an echoing drama of meaning which the solid weight of the objects cannot resist absorbing.

I suggest that this picture of Hop-



CAPE COD EVENING

Edward Hopper

Collection Encyclopedia Britannica

per's is *porous* in precisely this fashion. It is spiritually porous because it is poor in overt meaning, but the vigor of its telling secretly revives it. For instance, the locations of the three animate characters create a triangular relationship that contrasts dramatically with the oblong feeling of all the dynamic units in themselves. Crucial dramas of the sea and death do not touch the modern in-

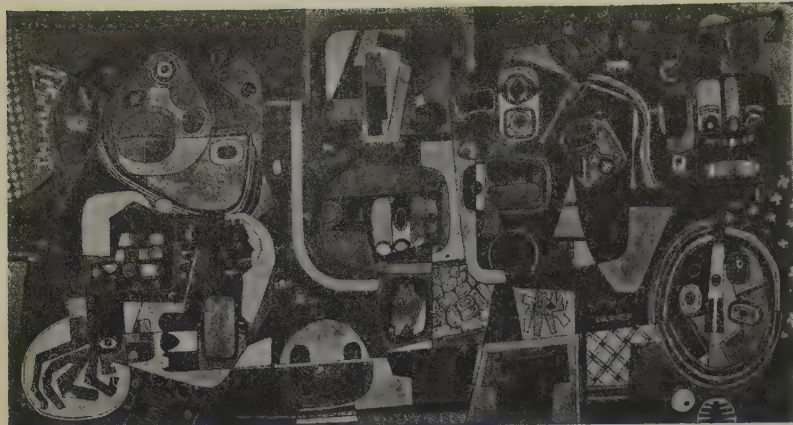
habitants of Cape Cod. This particular house also seems inland, as its inhabitants seem "inland" from any drama of external existence. As the collie's master invites his pet to retrieve the object he seems about to toss, a pathetic analogy is provided for the sea saga, when it was the husbandman himself who left his doorstep to "retrieve" a boat laden with fish.



NARCISSUS

Kurt Seligmann

Courtesy Durlacher Bros. 17



Oracle Visiting the XXth Century

Courtesy J. B. Neumann

giving voice to the new—

“Hello Steve”

by Steve Wheeler

The perceptive, eventful, amusing
and entirely beautiful picture book.
Thirteen pictographs reproduced
in facsimile by photo silk-screen.
Printed on specially selected paper
—in a limited edition.

Prose by JOHN STORCK

orders accepted

price \$9.50

E. WEYHE

794 Lexington Ave.

New York City

AMERICAN MACABRE

[Continued from page 8]

possible. He becomes a kind of avenging Dracula, known as the Red-Devil of the Indians. “Often would the snakelike creeping files of Indians, while seeking the peaceful habitations of the Kentuckian or emigrant for blood and plunder, stumble in their path upon the cold and stiffened corpse of some Shawnee warrior, the leaves glued to his scalped head with gore; with two long and deep gashes cut upon his breast in the form of a cross, the certain and fatal mark of the avenging spirit.” The Indian was regarded as a barrier to national growth and a threat to frontier security, and the cult of Indian-killing which the swashbuckling heroes of the backwoods professed did a great deal to define the character and direction of the American macabre.

But it is in American humour of these years that the native macabre begins to congeal. In his humour the American confirmed his attitudes and responses. If he had felt any uncertainty or guilt before, he could now escape it by laughing loudly and passing for a rough but jolly fellow. This description of Natchez, Mississippi, written around 1840, shows how easily the focus may be shifted, by such means, from the essential moral criticism to one of bullying acceptance. “Natchez is a land of fevers, alligators, and cotton-bales, where to refuse grog before breakfast would degrade you below brute creation, where bears the size of young Jackasses are fondled in lieu of pets, and knives the length of barber poles are used for toothpicks, where negro women are knocked down by the actioneer and knocked up by the purchaser.” The insistence on the monstrous and the ugly in this passage is camouflaged but not hidden by the rollicking good spirits. This illicit marriage of disease and rippling muscle, of horror and hearty laughter, cropped up everywhere. One of Jim Crow Rice’s most successful songs, “Sich a Gittin’ Upstairs,” told of a captain who was cut in two in a fight, glued himself together again, laid down to sleep, but the day being hot, the glue melted and a thief ran away with his thighs. Even such a story as Mark Twain’s “Celebrated Jumping Frog” has its sinister side. Analysis would reveal it to be fundamentally more perverse than such an innocent example of the

macabre as Poe’s “Thou Art the Man” in which a long piece of whale bone is thrust down corpse’s throat to make a jack-in-the-box of him. Filling a live frog’s belly with buckshot may seem merely coarse and insensitive, and Poe’s invention more deeply afflicted, but the two stories placed side by side reveal Poe, like Crèvecoeur before him, to be drawing on a traditional body of moral feeling, while Twain’s moral sensibility, at least in this story, is at a level with that revealed in the Natchez passage. One might remark, incidentally, that Poe is scarcely related at all to the macabre tradition being considered here. He invites the contemplation of cruelty, but never the direct participation in it, and the feelings he incites have reference to a wider range of values than those which were endemic to the Mississippi valley.

Finally, by considering the characteristic speech images that run through frontier talk, one comes directly to face the gaudy symptoms of disease. The boast of the flatboatman in *Huckleberry Finn* is significant in this respect: “I’m the old original iron-jawed brass-mounted, copper-bellied corpse-maker from the wilds of Arkinsaw! . . . I’m the man they call Sudden Death and General Desolation. Sired by a hurricane dam’d by an earthquake, half-brother to the cholera, nearly related to the smallpox on the mother’s side! Look at me! I take nineteen alligators and a barr’l of whiskey for breakfast when I’m in robust health, and a bushel of rattlesnakes and a dead body when I’m ailing. . . . Blood’s my natural drink, and the wails of the dying is music to my ears!” That this imagery is an accurate reproduction of the old frontier idiom, and not merely Twain’s imagination, cannot be doubted in view of our versions of Davey Crockett’s and Mike Fink’s boasts.

The limits of American expansion were achieved by the exploitation of humans, the degradation of slaves, the extermination of natives, the careful cultivation of brutality and callousness. Such spiritual leavening as was present came from the Shakers, the Groaners, the Muggletonians, the Hard-Shell Baptists. But it was necessary that such rugged characteristics should appear, not as perversions, not as macabre, but as the natural expressions of a robust spirit. The

[Continued on page 20]

BY ANY OTHER NAME?

FIREMAN FLOWER by William Sansom.
(The Vanguard Press.)

By MARIUS BEWLEY

FIREMAN FLOWER is a book of short stories which somehow reminds one of a commonplace face superbly photographed. The lights are perfectly adjusted, the composition could scarcely be better, in every part there is evidence of skill and knowledge. But the face is so dull, the eyes so tedious and often seen! Yet because of its distinguished connections it has to be recognized and treated politely. It is related nearly to Kafka, and so considerable is its affection for its model that love which sometimes unfolds a genius seems here to wrap it in a suffocating embrace. But to be more exact, Kafka has taught Mr. Sansom to interpret life in a set of symbols. He has even suggested the ingredients to give those symbols their spiciest flavour. One is aware of machines, of hierarchies of officials, of exacting orders from God knows where, of a torturous sense of duration whose ultimate basis is a time table to measure punishment for crimes whose exact nature has been long forgotten. Such an impressive list of borrowings is not reassuring, but Mr. Sansom manages to handle them with a dexterity and a strain of personal feeling that is surprising. When he finally falters it is at a farther station along the road. Kafka's symbols were conceived in the toils of a conflict, of an heroic unhappiness and unrest, that nursed and disciplined the symbols as parents train difficult children. In Kafka the conflict, which was his concern with guilt and punishment and Original Sin, was there before the symbols, supported the symbols and overshadowed them so that they were always less than what they were trying to say. It was this struggle with meaning, this wrestling in the dark with an Angel that one cannot overcome yet can hold on earth till daybreak, that makes Kafka's work significant in every part. But Sansom learned his symbols first and sought a meaning afterwards. He has great skill, and the tailoring job is neat. Nevertheless, one is more aware of the tailor's padding than of rippling muscles under the waistcoat. Searching for the meaning under all his allegories one gets a set of ideas reminiscent of Carlyle's philosophy of work; Longfellow's young man who bore the banner with the strange device, Excelsior; and Tennyson's unsound intention to sail beyond the path of western stars. The symbols which Sansom uses, and his skill and discrimination in using them, persuades one to hope for something more: more than the glibness of an explicit and moral explanation on the last pages of his stories. "The Long Sheet" ends with: "Freedom lies in an attitude of the spirit. There is no

other freedom." To reach this simple conclusion we have been submitted to an allegory so complex and fantastically worked out that its erudition and solemnity would be justified only by pointing towards some new, original insight. But "freedom of spirit" means about the same thing to Sansom that it meant to Nineteenth Century Liberals. One can't help feeling a little cheated. The title story, "Fireman Flower," ends with the Fireman calling out, "Let me climb higher! This is not enough. Let me climb higher!" If Sansom loves Kafka, it is impossible not to suspect that Ibsen is the third point of the triangle.

Sansom is at his best in his simpler, non-allegorical stories such as "Pansovic and the Spiders," and "Difficulty with a Bouquet." He has a delicate but trenchant irony that could be developed into an instrument of power if he ever gets tired of dulling its edges by hacking away at a borrowed style. A review of this book quoted on the dust cover says: "Deserves to be judged by high standards and by them it may be counted a success." *Fireman Flower* is the product of a large talent, and to judge it by any other than high standards would be to do it a grave injustice. But I cannot agree that it is, by those standards, a success. It is precisely because Sansom is so talented and intelligent that the vices which appear in this book are inexcusable.



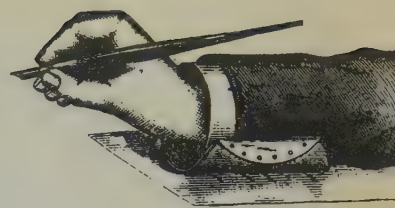
A CRITIC WITH BRAWN AND GOOD SENSE

LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED PHILISTINES by James T. Farrell. (The Vanguard Press.)

By HILARY ARM

IT IS strange to contemplate Mr. Farrell's book of criticism. Coming from a writer of naturalistic fiction, full of personal fervor and searchings of the common heart, essays on Joyce, Dostoevsky, Chekhov—even 'if agleam with understanding—somehow seem unanticipated. Yet, despite much in this book that does not rise above the observations of good sense (re the short story, for instance), the fact is borne in on one that a certain irreducible aptness lies in Mr. Farrell's stance as a critic; he is in a fighting posture, and his hat is in the ring against what Mencken and Nathan used to call, picturesquely, flubdub: the heightened flubdub of Lewis Mumford and Mortimer J. Adler and the lowtoned flubdub of proletarian literary ideology. After all, antidotes to nonsense are not as frequent as best-sellers. Mr. Farrell is at his best when rounding up and pillorying the inflated inconsistencies of Mr. Mumford. He is at his worst in the re-appraisal of Dreiser, whom he much overrates. But always one is reminded that

Literature



Farrell's equipment fits him to be just the one profitably to invade the citadel of journalistic critical mechanics that is the New York *Times* Book Review, where his series of "Revaluations" first appeared. Despite the rather naïve pompousness of "How Studs Lonigan Was Written" and "Letter to a Young Writer" there is a tough residue of genuine value-awareness in Farrell that certainly will not be diminished but prosper. This quality comes out not only spasmodically in various remarks on writers and writing but also in the two essays on Hollywood, which constitute a devastating show-up of West Coast art-throttling. Ideas may come and ideas may go, but Farrell will always be in there punching for the basic cultural verities: his is the side of the Brawny Angels.



GOODMAN WITHOUT WINGS

THE FACTS OF LIFE by Paul Goodman. (The Vanguard Press.)

By HAROLD ROSENBERG

PAUL GOODMAN is waiting for an angel to send him—the term "send" being meant both in the ordinary sense of "go-and-do" and also in the jazz sense of inspiration.

Without the command from above, Goodman cannot conceive anyone committing himself to an action. So in his little stories, sketches, and fables, he invents situations in which people live tentatively, "non-committally" or under "limited commitment," by "turning to something or other" but "not putting their trust in it."

It is because he sees that "one thing is as good as another" that the man in *A Cross-Country Runner at Sixty-Five* can give all his energies to the neighborhood running meet year after year, as if he were working on a scientific experiment or building a business. . . . Incidentally, this story, with its sense of locality and its play on the theme of how persistent public behavior tends to the creation of a myth, shows a strangely acute intuition of American life, which has rarely been explored in terms of negation.

He who has not been visited by the angel, but who is waiting, alternates between prayers and jokes—prayers for His appearance, jokes about

what is actually visible. These alternations constitute the "facts of life" for Goodman, a comedian with a religious secret, and his best pieces have the effect either of prayers, like *A Ceremonial*—a quiet dream of a society totally at one with the little things of life—or of jokes, like *The Commodity Embodied in bread* (sic), or of a combination of both, like *The Canoeist, Jonah*.

For the Waiting Man, he who is "dissatisfied in the first place with the issue as ordinarily presented," prayers and jokes are good ways (there are others) of keeping busy, because both are incomplete forms of action—prayer being an act that looks to its completion in the superior act of another, while joking is a substitute act that both conceals the joker's motive and repudiates the thing joked about.

The virtue of the Waiting Man is that he has no ambitions in this world and does not try to get away from particular things, except to get away from things in general. Goodman's writing depends on this virtue of the "democratically" accepted fact and is effective when the author keeps his hold on the odd small objects—the billboard, the grocery store, the boys' camp, the writer's bedroom—that, together with his big ideas, actually make up the facts of his life.

SMALL LIFE BIG IDEAS has been the formula for comedy since Aristophanes (what the god did in his pants). *The Canoeist* is an excellent farce. From his canoe on Lake Champlain a French-Canadian steps in a summer camp for Jewish boys to the strains of the Zionist marching song, "If Not Now, When?," sung in three languages. "Any combination of circumstances," the narrator uneasily assures himself, "would be equally improbable." But the reality is the most improbable of all, and to depart from it—"If not now, when?"—becomes at the end a poignant need. This story symbolically repeats a favorite idea of Goodman that he who is tied down by duty, habit, custom, etc., is soured, suffers and is weak.

The play *Jonah* is Goodman's Confession. Based on the insight that the prayers and the jokes come from the same source, it reveals that Goodman's nihilism is at least as much the result of temperament as of illumination.

In this play, the angel actually does appear and gives his marching [Continued on page 26]

THANNHAUSER

165 East 62 St.
REgent 4-2890

NEW YORK

WITTENBORN & CO.

offers:

- Poetry London No. 10 Ed. by Tambimuttu. Special ill. new poets issue. 264 pp. \$4.00
- The Lady of the Hare. A study in the healing power of dreams by John Layard. \$3.50
- Witchcraft in England by Christina Hole. Mordant illustr. by Mervyn Peake. \$5.00
- Primitive Scenes and Festivals, with an archaic and archaeological background by Sacheverell Sitwell. Illustrated. \$5.00

36 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.



H. BITTNER AND CO.

Books on Fine and Applied Arts

67 West 55th Street
New York 19
Tel. Circle 6-2466

OZENFANT
SCHOOL OF
FINE ARTS
208 E 20 New York
Ozenfant teaching

AMERICAN MACABRE

[Continued from page 18]

necessity resided, not only in the demands of national self-respect, but in the desire to escape guilt through impenitence. As long as America was actually engaged in an immediate struggle with the frontier the poisons that were being generated were in some measure cast off. But as the receding frontier left a spawn of ugly cities across the prairies, the situation was radically changed, and what had passed as the courage and bravado of trail blazers degenerated into the criminal exercise of lust in characters like Weasel from the pulp magazine story that has been quoted. Instead of games with jumping frogs, high school students swallowed goldfish and ate records; and instead of fights with bowie knives, there were professional football and lodge initiations. One recalls the description of the initiation in *Studs Lonigan*, and how, in William Maxwell's recent novel, *The Folded Leaf*, Chicago high school boys are given pills during an initiation that simulate the symptoms of venereal disease.

The American macabre that has been considered here, to judge from the examples that have been quoted, does not represent a literary genre of a very high type. But the principle of limitation in this literature is not so much the macabre itself, as the national elements with which it chose to be compounded. It would have been possible to have chosen more gracious examples from our literature than those which were quoted, but the particular point to be illustrated would have been less clearly made. The American tradition assimilated the macabre with gusto, but the frontier brutalized it, national pride denied it, and in the end, when we except Poe, it had neither enough consciousness nor enough refinement to achieve anything artistically comparable to the work of French macabre writers. It is only in the contemporary regional novel that the American macabre has begun to achieve the necessary poise and sureness.

The chief thing to note is that the American macabre was not a literary trend. It was not even consciously macabre.

It was only consciously American.

[PART TWO by Mr. Bewley will appear in an early issue.]

LUNCH HOUR

[Continued from page 9]

Then there was a bustle of conversation in the store. A girl's giggle rose above the talk. Al and Tom looked outside. It was still raining.

A lad of about seventeen, with full round red cheeks flirted with the girl who had giggled. He wore a blue herringbone suit with wide bell bottoms, a belted overcoat, and a square shaped brown felt hat. The girl who had giggled talked with him, and smiled. He noticed Al and Tom.

"Hi," he exclaimed.

"Hi," exclaimed Al.

"Hi," exclaimed Tom.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Nice," Al said.

"Yeh," Tom said.

"Nice mamas here," he said.

"I'll say they are," Al said.

"The cat's," Tom said.

Tom watched a baby doll blonde with avid eyes.

"Like her?" asked Al.

"Yeh."

"I'd like to make her on the back porch," Al said.

"I'd like to make her any place, back porch, front porch, park, on a raft, any place."

"Nice," Al said.

Yes, we have no bananas . . .

Al looked around, avid. Tom rubbed his hand over the down on his upper lip. Tom gazed down at the frayed cuff on his bell bottom trousers.

"I know that one," he said, nodding in the direction of a brunette.

"Yeh?"

"Her name is Peggy," Tom said.

"Nice. Peg of my heart," Al said.

"I'd let her be the peg of my heart," Tom said.

Monday night, I sat alone

Tuesday night, you didn't phone

Wednesday night, you didn't call

A tall lad, athletic of build and wearing a yellow slicker, talked to the girl named Peggy, and Tom frowned. The lad took off his gray fedora and held it ostentatiously, exposing his blonde marcelled hair.

"Handsome brute," Al said.

"Vain. He gets his hair curled," Tom said.

"Maybe she's his peg of his heart?" Al said.

"He looks like a bum halfback to me," Tom said.

"More like a parlor athlete to me," Al said.

But you brought three girls for company . . .

Al swung into the rhythm of the song, snapped his fingers, twirled his feet, shook his shoulders. Others also did likewise, and soon, the store was full of shuffling, swaying, dancing, frisking boys and girls while an infant-faced songplugger sang with whine in her voice, and the piano jingled. Eyes met eyes, and smiles were exchanged. With ecstasy and desire shining in his eyes and on his face, Al tapped on the floor and shook. Tom was caught up in the rhythm and he imitated Al. As he did so, his eyes met those of the girl named Peggy. She smiled at him. He smiled back.

The music stopped. Peggy left the lad in the slicker, and came toward Tom and Al. She smiled.

"You don't remember me," she said.

"Peggy, of course I do."

"Do you come here often?" she asked.

"No, I came today because of the rain."

"So did I."

"Yes, it's rainin' out," Al said.

"Say, I'm glad I saw you. How about a date on Saturday night? Saves me the nickel for phoning," Tom said.

"Use a slug," Al said.

"Why, yes, I'm not doing anything," she said.

"Suppose I call at eight thirty?"

"Yes."

"Oh, excuse me, Peggy Shanahan, this is Al Bates. He works in my office."

"How do you do," she said.

"I do do do doodle de do," Al said.

"I have to dash, but I'll see you then, Saturday night, Tom?"

"Be ready 'bout half past eight," Al sing-songed.

"All right. We'll go dancing," Tom said.

"Yes. And thank you. And I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Bates," she said, and she walked out.

They looked after her, eyeing her slender, young figure.

"Keen. A neat mama you copied off."

"Yes, she'll pass in a crowd."

"Ever take her out before?"

"No, but I've been thinking of trying to date her. She's a decent girl, but a good dancer, and she's good fun."

"Neat, neat and a hot mama."

"She's pretty," Tom said.

"Yeh. Keen."

"She graduated last June from Saint Paul's," Tom bragged.

[Continued on page 22]

OR a time this summer I spent a pleasureable vacation in a light-house on the Maine coast, close to the towns and islands which are associated with John Marin and Marsden Hartley. I was perched on a windswept, white-cliffed bit of stone in Penobscot Bay, surrounded by natural beauties and a sudden sense of the precious artificiality of the art of music. The painters by whom I was also surrounded were, of course, delighted in all parts by the visual variety of the place.

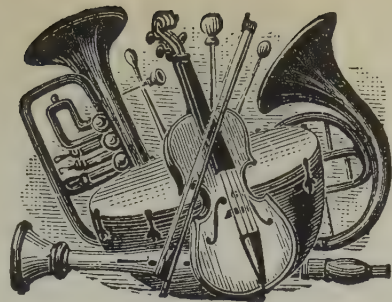
I was also delighted by the natural scene. The painters straight away lunged towards canvas and pigment, both of which materials they had presumably tucked away in a neat corner of their luggage for just such an eventuality. I was unable to pull out of my luggage a suitable piano, organ or string quartet, had I wished so; and at that moment I had another of my intense fevers to own a Clavichord and made a firm resolution to buy or make one when I returned to the city.

One member of our island party discovered an interesting musical effect in which nature plays a role. While playing the flute out of doors one evening he made the discovery that we were situated in the line of a superb and clear echo which rebounded from the reasonably distant shore. The point of return was so long that it was possible to perform one part of a popular round such as "Row Row Row Your Boat" at a normal speed and enjoy an amazing natural counterpoint playing along with one in exact and faithful imitation at the normal distance in time. For the better hearing of the astonishing echo, clear and loud, one could play a short phrase and pause for just long enough to hear the complete return, continue in a similar way, listen for the return, and so on; in a way carrying on a quite grandiose antiphony with the coastal cliffs.

The problem of the transportability of the art of music, the problem of ease of repairing instruments and ease of making them, were suddenly very interesting to me. So many of us go on thinking in unaltered terms about the instruments that make music, for year after year, that it is extremely beneficial to find oneself having to think about instruments in other than the established terms. A few of my resultant meditations might prove useful to some readers who might be facing a music problem next summer, even to the city dweller for reasons that will soon be evident; and I therefore offer them for what irony or fantasy they might be worth.

★

In the interests of understanding let me say now that the radio and phonograph are not musical instruments; Sears-Roebuck to the contrary; they are reproducing apparatuses, exactly like movie-machines, stereophones, and the reproducing lathe. If



summer Music

by Lou Harrison

anyone imagines he is performing a musical act in tuning in the radio or putting on a phonograph record he is mistaken, there are even grounds for believing he is committing a really anti-musical act. You can't play either the radio or phonograph, you can only start them going, make them louder or softer, and stop them when you have had enough, and all this only at second hand.

★

One of the members of our party presented to his host, who happened to be a composer, a small recorder (the fipple-flute) and there were few unmusical moments from then on, each guest having his try at the pipe. It was a high-pitched and sweet sounding little instrument made of plastic and capable of playing a two-octave, almost chromatic gamut with comparative ease. It was extremely portable; its little length being even further contractable, by virtue of its coming in two pieces. It was fingered on open holes and was accompanied by a chart of fingering which included instructions for the performance of popular favorites such as "Home Sweet Home," "Swanee River," etc.

Though several in the party read music fluently, no one paid the slightest attention to the trifles offered in the instruction book but invented music and exercises with ease and pleasure. There was often a feeling that some accompanimental instrument would have been welcome.

The construction of the house proper was of the usual New England kind, wood throughout, and it was attached to a stone tower which at one time accommodated the light itself. In these rooms of wood, the little flute was in no sense either weak or pale, rather it sounded loud, rich of color and full-bodied. In the tower rooms it was indeed a trifle too loud in sound though it was a pleasure to hear the enormous number and giddy height of the overtones.

For some time now I have been developing an idea that many of our choicest instruments of the past were lost to us only through some change of building construction that proved inimical to their best resonance. I have found much to confirm this idea in the surprises attendant on hearing Harpsichords, Viola D'Amore, Lutes, and other old instruments in a medium size church and in rooms constructed of stone or concrete, and of

moderate and just proportions. Most of these old instruments sound rich and strong under these conditions and prove to the ear their full range of capabilities and resonances.

During the period of high patronage, music was more often than not performed in chambers constructed of rich stone, occasionally relieved by woodwork. Now most of the string instruments, from the Viol family, with its quiet and extremely dignified tone, to the sensitive tenuous tone of the Clavichord, were without a question best served by the brilliant sound reflecting and amplifying powers of a stone hall. This must have been well understood and a part of musical understanding in the past, for we know that the louder sounds of trumpets, horns, and trombones, with their naturally greater carrying power were well known to the ages and we have no evidence that other instruments which were considered inferior, possessed like the Clavichord a small, if beautiful voice. Another, and negative, proof of the ancient understanding of the importance to a musical instrument of its surrounding resonance is the fact that the louder instruments never invaded the functions or place of performance of the softer, nor indeed did the softer make any effort to rival their more raucous sisters.

Our modern ears are unquestionably decadent in this regard for we demand that all instruments should be able to play everything that any other could play, that they all should play in the same places, and that they should all sound as much alike as possible. Modern composers have, as a matter of fact, no really soft choir in their service as the medieval composer had for instance in his Dulcet group of instruments. Nor has the modern composer any really intimate instrument of any dignity to write for, such as the Lute or Clavichord.

Somewhere among these lost joys in instruments are hidden as well a vast number of instruments which it might be possible for the unprofessional to actually find pleasure in playing upon without spending the better part of a lifetime trying to master the rudiments of execution. It is to some of these instruments we might all look for a return of musicality at this time when active musical interest has almost vanished. Such instruments would make possible a

revival of genuine music in our lives and seal the fate of the big symphony monopolies and managerial rackets. A concern for the manufacture of this general nature (of the revived ancient kind or invented solutions of the problem) should be in the hands of the government, impartial in development, and without private patents. Is the reader aware of how many pleasures the instrument, record, and radio companies in this nation have solidly sunk away from him in the patent vault?

It is perfectly possible with modern technical aid to produce in large quantities Harpsichords, for instance, at a price not exceeding seventy-five dollars, perhaps less; Clavichords for twenty-five, or less, and a host of others for a mere trifle.

Furthermore, I would like to point out a crying need of the city dweller for an instrument which he can play after eleven o'clock in the evening. At least three-hundred nights out of the year I sit in disconsolate anxiety after the dead-line hour gazing at the keyboard of a piano whose voice would wake the entire neighborhood at this hour even played at its lowest volume. Now I am one of those who is frequently taken with the urge to music at odd hours after midnight, and would like nothing better than to be able to indulge this urge without calling down on my head the attention of my neighbors and an aroused police department.

I am sure that a moderately priced Clavichord (for the keyboard player at least) would sell like pancakes in any large city. I am sure, too, that other instruments could be found with rich and capable sounds that would fill a whole little world of needs for the city dweller who likes his music at midnight but who is just not hardened enough to have at it on instruments designed to thrill a nineteenth century auditorium audience.

**LIBERAL PRESS
INCORPORATED**

•
Printers
•

80 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY
SPRING 7-1610

**RoKo Gallery
& RoKo Frames**

Fine Art by Leading Artists. Paintings, Watercolors, Drawings, Prints, Frames in Original Designs and Finishes.

51 Greenwich Ave. CH. 2-7049

Max Ernst
and
Paul Eluard
**MISFORTUNES of the
IMMORTALS**

Illustrated with 24 full-page drawings. Text English and French. \$3.50

OROZCO
TEN REPRODUCTIONS
OF HIS MURAL PAINT-
INGS. Fine full-color plates of
the artist's murals. In Port-
folio, 13" x 19½". \$17.50

**FIELDING'S DICTIONARY OF
AMERICAN PAINTERS,
SCULPTORS & ENGRAVERS.**
The recognized Reference Work
on Early American Artists. In-
cludes Modern Artists up to 1926.
Contains information on nearly
8,000 American artists, alphabet-
ically arranged, illustrated. Ori-
ginally published, for subscribers
only, in 1926, this famous work
has been in constant demand. Now
reprinted in a limited edition of
1,500 copies. \$20.00
CATALOGUES AVAILABLE

PUBLISHER:
PAUL A. STRUCK
415 Lexington Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

★ **COPAIN**
*finest
cuisine*

where gourmets gather

COPAIN Restaurant
891 First Ave. N. E. Corner of
50th St. N. Y. C.
Tel. P. L. 4-0554

for
good printing
CALL ELdorado 5-0955

Printing and Engraving of:
BUSINESS and STATEMENTS
PERSONAL BILLBOOKS
NAME CARDS WEDDING
LETTERHEADS INVITATIONS
ENVELOPES ADVERTISING

also 2, 3 or more color printing

Q. V. S. PRINTING
159 East 53 Street New York 22, N. Y.

LUNCH HOUR

[Continued from page 20]

"Does she rate?"
"Yes, she rates. That's why I
dated her."

"So, she rates?" asked Al.
"Yes, she rates," Tom said
proudly.

A look of weariness came over
the round face of a girl near
them, and she exclaimed to an-
other girl:

"If I dance tonight, I'll die-e."
"But dearie, Jack and Pete are
going to be at the Gardens to-
night, and you know they're sim-
ply divine."

"So are we," Al said.
"What?"
"Divine," Al said.
"What an old line you got,"
the first girl said.

"Da-dad-dad-da-da deedeer da
da . . ." Al sang at the girl.

"You sing worse," the second
girl said.

"But you don't know what I
can do," Al said.

"I don't want to," the first girl
said, turning her back on him.

"Tramps," Al said.
"Polacks," Tom said.
"Smarties," Al said.
"You know, Peggy now—she's
different," Tom said.

They heard thunder outside,
and some lads and girls hurried
in, laughing.

"I'm going to dance tonight.
Keen. Come along," Al said.

"No, I'll have to save my pen-
nies for Saturday night's date.
She rates. I'll have to take her in
cabs," Tom said.

"Too bad. It's going to be
keen," Al said.

"I'll get enough dancing Satur-
day night," Tom said, boastfully.
"Is that all?"

"She's decent and rates."
"Can't she kiss?"
"Well, I'm not sayin'," Tom
said.

"Let's go in and play some rec-
ords," Al suggested.

They went into an empty
glassed in booth. Al put a hot
jazz piece on the victrola. Tom
sat on the couch. His face was
thoughtful.

"Thinking of Peggy?" asked Al.
"I'm not sayin'," Tom said.
"She looks worth thinkin'
about," Al said.

The music was very fast, and
they tapped their feet on the floor.

"Makes you wish you had a
piece on the back porch," Al said.

"Or any place," Tom said.
"Hot," Al exclaimed enthusi-
astically as a coronet wahwahed.

Al got up and danced, shaking

his abdomen, and making eyes
at the glass.

"Daddadada," he sing-songed.
He paused, looked at Tom, and
said:

"Whoops Finnegan, where's
your pep?"

"I'll save it for Peggy."
"I think you're gone on her
already," Al said.

"She rates," Tom said.
Al danced, shook his buttocks,
and mumbled to the wild burning
jazz.

"Ummmmm," he exclaimed as
the coronet again wah-wahed.

He stuck his tongue out, slob-
bered it across his lower lip, and
made slobbering noises by the
use of his tongue, and by forcing
saliva against the membranes of
his mouth. Tom swayed his shoul-
ders, and tapped his feet to the
music.

The record ended.
"Say, we got to dash, or we'll
be late," Al said.

"Yeh," Tom said.
They left the booth. The store
was still crowded.

My wonderful one . . .
"She's singing about your Peg-
gy," Al said.

"I wish she were mine," Tom
said, moodily.

"Maybe she will be. Don't give
up the ship," Al said.

"I wish it was Saturday night,"
Tom said.

"We'll have to run," Al said.
"The damned rain, too," Tom
said.

They lit out east on Monroe
Street, running in and out of peo-
ple with umbrellas.

Winded, they entered the build-
ing where they worked.

"Well, you achieved something
on your lunch hour," Al said.

*My wonderful one, whenever I'm
dreaming love's love-light,
I'm dreaming of you.*

"Yes, you're singing about her
already," Al said.

"You'd sing too, if you had a
date with her. She rates," Tom
said.

They entered the elevator and
were whisked up to their office.

JAMES T. FARRELL is best known for
his *Studs Lonigan* trilogy. All of his
books are published by the Van-
guard Press.

the newest in
avant-garde film

Three films by MAYA DEREN
based on the concept of cinema
as an independent art form

Concerning rental or purchase, write Maya Deren, 61 Morton, N. Y. 1

ELECTRIC LAMP

[Continued from page 10]

Status, a quality upon which
Etiemble puts much emphasis, is
characteristic of a hierarchical
society; the best historical exam-
ples being Pharaonic Egypt,
classical China, and seventeenth-
century France. The values of
hierarchy, status, etiquette, are
based upon authority, and reflect
the inequality between parents
and children.

Democratic society, which is
based on the principle of equality,
viewed from a psychological
angle, expresses, on the contrary,
the ties of fraternity as opposed
to those of authority. In demo-
cratic society, equality becomes
more important than respect, and
coöperation, through the identifi-
cation of oneself with one's bro-
thers, gives to responsibility a force
that we never encounter among
the docile children of the father-
land, who do not dream of de-
parting from well-established
rules of conduct.

I will never forget how im-
pressed I was one evening in the
New York subway to see a group
of young boys suddenly rush in
and start battling among them-
selves, ignoring the inconvenience
they were causing to the pas-
sengers, while none of the grown-
ups voiced their discomfort at the
jostling; on the contrary, the ex-
pression of their faces showed an
interest in the play and an ac-
ceptance of the participants. Such
an incident in a European sub-
way would have been just as un-
imaginable as the game of cards
mentioned by Clemenceau.

Instead of being shocked by
American manners I found my-
self admiring the freedom from
manners expressed in its most
vital aspect, education of the
young. But if the weakening of
paternal authority accounts for
the freedom of children, it is also
at the roots of the peculiar posi-
tion of the older generation. How
astonished I was, years ago in
Athens when, as host of two
American women, I saw them ge-
t up after dinner, lift their dresses
high above their knees and ask me
to say which pair of legs I found
the more "perfect." A manner-

New Englander would say that this example is not typical of America but of those vulgar tourists who, by their behavior, so often disgrace their native land. Nevertheless, the case, although certainly not typical, is symptomatic, for such an exaggeration could only derive from the behavior of members of a democratic and equalitarian society; it is a manifestation of fraternity which, for aging American women, is particularly painful. Freud once made the profound statement that the only real way to keep young is to remain in normal contact with the younger generation, parents with children and grandparents with grandchildren. In America, on the contrary, family life breaks up very rapidly and the only means the mother of grown-up children has of enjoying society is by appearing young; she must "go out," as there is no reason why she should stay in; as she is no more a mother, she must play the role of a sister.

In spite of this loosening of family ties in America and the attempt to establish child-and-parent relationship on a fraternal basis—evident in the tendency of certain parents to encourage their children to call them by their first names—it is doubtful that the process is as far gone as Mabile's remark would imply. The general grief felt for Roosevelt's death was correctly attributed to the feeling that, with the passing of F. D. R., America had lost "a father."

To every European who has lived in this country during the war, it is obvious that there is a great difference between the paternal Roosevelt and the prototypes of fathers to be found among continental leaders. The late American president may be described as a benevolent father, when compared to Stalin, the autocratic and punishing father; or to Churchill, the conservative and moralising father continuously reminding his children of their family tree; or to Gandhi, the Father turned saint. As for the extinct fascist leaders, I believe that, owing to a strong homosexual fixation, they were identified rather with the elder brother who revolted against the father—a rôle common to leaders of groups in which the gang psychology prevails.

A benevolent father can become the ideal of a nation when paternal guidance is, for the rul-

ing class at least, a necessity in spite of strongly felt fraternal solidarity. Psychologically, it corresponds to pre-puberty and the needs of an age in which the otherwise completely satisfactory social life of games must be guarded from interruptions which are forced upon the players from the outside. The game is the typical pattern of American ethical life and fair play its dominant trait. Although historically the origin of this feature is linked to mercantilism and finds its purest economic expression in the motto of the school of Manchester "laissez faire, laissez passer," circumstances favored its development in America to a degree unknown in England—a country where the resistance of feudalism at home and the challenge of competitors abroad created insurmountable obstacles to the independent development of a morality of play.

Through the use of the criterion of games, many otherwise peculiar characteristics of the American way of life become comprehensible. What distinguishes the pre-adolescent conception of a game is the strong individualism of the players, their faith and interest in the rules of the game, and lastly their great sense of solidarity. From this solidarity derives the feeling of equality which is the *condition sine qua non* of games and democracy. The way the political parties, real teams, nominate their candidates at their convention, and the manner in which the electorate, like a referee, chooses the one who played best during the campaign, is much more akin to the spirit of games than to the atmosphere of European electoral battles where the clash of contradictory national and class ideologies—the counterpart of the super-ego—gives to the campaigning its ideological stamp.

In the name of *fair play*, the beaten candidates here will congratulate the winner, something which from an ego-ideal point of view would be unethical, for how can you congratulate your opponent for defeating your father (i. e. your intellectual father who is identified with your ego-ideal) be he a religious, national, or class hero?

It is the sense of the game that justified Roosevelt's ungallant remark when Mussolini was deposed, "One down, two to go." It is because Roosevelt's successor

[Continued on page 24]

ARTCRAFT

[Continued from page 11]

ished instrument has a rich, brown, natural color. Around the edge of the guitar and on the scratchboard, I put a white inlay—using the unprinted edges of the newspaper to get a very white pulp. The finished guitar, result of a year and a half of occasional work.

A possible explanation for the extremely hard, plastic-like surface of the globe and guitar is the great contraction of oatmeal paste during drying. It draws so much that each coat must be applied evenly and thinly. Probably each coat drawing tight in drying, and one layer on top of another, account for the solidity of the globe and guitar and the tonal qualities of the latter.

Other Borsodi products include: a large packing box, a large heavy drafting board and numerous small ones, house models, ash trays, bocci balls, humidors, and fruit bowls. One fellow made a sculptured head. I have thought of using a *papier-mâché* pigment-mixture for inlay murals.

I've done these drawings hoping they will help explain to the reader, if interested, what this is all about. When I get out I will no doubt have some close-up photos taken, and then one can see precisely what the projects look like. The closest thing I can think of that resembles the finished product in appearance is the plastic steering wheel and the serving trays that are commonly seen. (This is very natural since some of the plastics you buy are made of nearly the same materials, for wood-newspaper is only fine wood pulp.) Their binders often have a wheat or some cereal grain base, as most commercial pastes do.

All in all, these things are not quite as hard as the average plastic, but they are more than hard enough. The finished product, I think, looks exceptionally clean and clear-cut, much like what you buy on the regular market.

.....
"You can't be modern
and not read View"
.....

Darrel Austin
To November 3rd
PERLS GALLERIES
Recent Paintings
32 East 58 Street, New York 22

MODERN AMERICAN PAINTING

BAZIOTES, BEARDEN,
BROWNE, CALDER,
GLARNER, HOLTY, LEGER
MOTHERWELL

KOOTZ Gallery
15 E. 57

ART BOOKS IN

ALL LANGUAGES

E. WEYHE

794 Lexington Avenue
at 61st St.
New York City

Le stock le plus important de
Livres Français se trouve chez

● **L I P T O N**

Librairie Française. Demandez son
catalogue de critique et biographie

Envoi franco

791 Lexington Avenue (61st St.)
New York (21). REgent 7-3860

PRINTS

Renoir Dufy
Degas Matisse
Van Gogh Picasso

Send for illustrated brochure

Oestreich's

1208 6th Ave., New York 19, N. Y.
(Be. 47th-48th Sts.) BR. 9-7443

WINE and DINE at
SEVENTEEN BARROW
17 Barrow St. - CH. 2-9184

**FRAMES BY
BRAXTON**

353 EAST 58th STREET
PL. 3-2675 • NEW YORK

ELECTRIC LAMP

[Continued from page 23]

came to power according to the rules of the game that he obtained the unanimous support of the press and even of those papers who during the presidential campaign, aware of the possibility of Roosevelt's untimely demise, directed their attack against the democratic candidate for the vice-presidency. Although Roosevelt, who first entered the White House just as the winner in another round, became a father through the coincidence of talent and fate, his successor is not another "father," "a lucky winner." We cannot therefore apply to Roosevelt's death the patriarchal *le roi est mort, vive le roi*, because we cannot take it for granted that his successor will be a king in the father sense of the term. The situation thus created was most aptly expressed by the London *Economist* when it wrote, "By one of those extraordinary accidents that can happen only in America, there succeeds to the place of the world's best-known man one of the world's least known men."

Since the establishment of the fundamental rule of the game, which is the American constitution, twice the winners of the

presidential race were turned into fathers. Twice since the game has been played—the first time due to the Civil War and the second owing to the humiliation of Pearl Harbor—have the American people felt that it was not enough to play the game and that they needed to be protected at the same time so that they could continue to play and behave "in the American way." The "unconditional surrender" which in both cases was demanded of the enemy expresses, in military terms, the need to eliminate all who do not understand fair play. Like the unsocial child, the unsocial section of the nation or of the world must be banned from the game that the Union, or the United Nations, are playing. The need to reëducate Germany, so often voiced, has its roots in the feeling that Germans must be taught to "play properly," as it is unbearable to think that they would not become in the future interested in the game. To see other children stare indifferently at a game is a challenge too threatening for the players to tolerate long; therefore, these unpleasant onlookers—children of Germans—should be dispersed or else attracted into the game.

When the last primaries showed

that in spite of a bravely led campaign Willkie would be beaten, he was treated by his team as a defeated man. The regular players cannot accept a newcomer, as he was in politics, and let him break certain rules—even unwritten ones—unless he proves capable in winning a goal; his maintenance on the team, in defiance of the failure, would threaten the solidarity of the players. Willkie therefore was disregarded and belittled, or penalized, in not being sent to the Republican Convention of 1944. From the point of view of equity this was profoundly unjust, for undoubtedly Willkie proved to be a leader of infinitely greater capacity than the average politician of either party. But the playing of the game demanded that solidarity come before equity. It is the same solidarity that today so favors Truman at the expense of men such as Wallace and Dewey who, whatever be their faults, at least proved capable of rising to the position of political leadership by their will to play the game. Truman, a political leader *malgré lui*, is respected as the most important man in the country, not because he deserved to become a leader but because he is the lucky winner. Dewey and Wallace are, on the contrary, out of the game not because they are incapable leaders but because they were unlucky players. In parliamentary Europe such a situation would be inconceivable, and a defeated political leader remains a leader.

To what extent is this democratic law of games just? It was the free play of democratic rules that brought Hitler to power. The German people may have been misguided in voting for him but there is not the slightest doubt that at a given moment they did want to be ruled by the Nazis; the result of their decision proved to be profoundly injurious to our sense of justice, for the régime Hitler established through the democratic procedure of election was the unfairer the civilized world has known in centuries. In the United States, on the contrary, democracy, owing to the respect of the rules of the game, remains always fair—without fair play, a game is inconceivable. What Tocqueville calls "the tyranny of the majority" is disregard of the individual rather than of minority groups; fascism disregards both. In America you are allowed to play on a small and weak team, but you have not the

right to remain isolated and not play. Those who do not play, or do not want to play, and what is even worse, those who would invent such new games as might threaten the continuation of existing sets of games, are frowned upon, whatever be their interests, politics or art. It must always be borne in mind that solidarity has the double effect of bringing together in the brotherhood of a game all who share the same fundamental beliefs, while it treats as outcasts all others.

Equality, or the recognition of solidarity, derives from the discovery of identity, while equity is the consequence of the discovery of differences, which will not be found any more in the contradiction between civil law and natural law, as was the case in the days of the Roman Empire, but in the contradiction between imperative rules imposed on the masses by a class or a caste and individual contracts that today can be considered as signed freely only by adherence to the fiction that men can be legally equal when they are economically unequal.

While the Weimar Republic became the mechanism by which inequality and injustice were installed, the same danger has so far never imperilled the American Constitution. A comparison between the rise to power of Hitler and that of Roosevelt will prove the point; while it may be said that from an ethical point of view the Germans showed a lack of judgment by identifying their desperate economic condition with Hitler's frustrations, the Americans on the contrary proved their judgment to be healthy when they identified their economic recovery with a team-captain who had overcome, through sheer force of will, his own infirmity. The Germans lost faith—rightly or wrongly, is beside the point here—in the economic and political game of the Weimar Republic and elected the chief of a gang with the unequivocal demand that he invent a new game, while the Americans simply wanted, at a critical phase of the game, to change captains so that the same game could be pursued once more according to the existing rules.

If to know how to play the game will give us a sense of equality, it may be asked what will give us the sense of equity without which civilization cannot develop properly? Recognition of differences is a quality we de-

WANTED!

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Young man with Imagination, Ambition and Capital to invest in the expanding program of View Editions and the new publishing schedule of View Magazine. Telephone PLaza 3-7522 for an appointment.

hans hoffmann
school of fine arts

58 west 8th st., new york city

mand from parents, for it is they who need to be aware of the differences in age between children; that is why aristocratic societies, which so far have always been patriarchal, are based on the principle of distinction and therefore are often in a position to develop a sense of equity that democracies find hard to defend. If the inequality of the caste system upon which aristocracy is founded is not challenged, then there is no feeling of injustice connected with possessing a particular status. If, however, this caste system has been challenged, then a new problem arises which all democracies are faced with; it consists of combining equality with equity. Speaking of it in other terms, Tocqueville considered it insoluble, and declared, with a courage contemporary liberals totally lack, "... we must first understand what is wanted of society and its government. Do you wish to give a certain elevation to the human mind and teach it to regard the things of this world with generous feelings, to inspire men with a scorn of mere temporal advantages, to form and nourish strong convictions and keep alive the spirit of honorable devotedness: Is your object to refine the habits, embellish the manners, and cultivate the arts, to promote the love of poetry, beauty, and glory? ... If you believe such to be the principal object of society, avoid the government of democracy, for it will not lead you with certainty to that goal." Because Freud believed in the distinctions established in the world of science he condemned American democracy in the name of evolution, while Rathenau, the statesman, condemned it on moral grounds, and Etienne, the eschete, on cultural grounds. But the American of today, impressed by the plight of Europe, might easily wave aside the criticisms of these intellectuals and dipping again into the volumes of Tocqueville, quote his arguments in favor of democracy and stress the importance "of the production of comfort and the promotion of general well-being" and the need for society "to avoid the most misery to each other among the individuals who compose it" and therefore aim at "equalizing the conditions of men."

However eloquent these arguments may be, and it is difficult in this respect to surpass Tocqueville, I do not think that the contradiction, equality-inequality, can

ever be solved on the level of political institutions, where moralists usually place it; it is necessary to transfer it to the world of games where, after establishing the contradiction equality-equity that is the outcome of the distinction between individualism and solidarity, identity and difference, it becomes possible to discuss advantageously the propositions underlying the confused debate.

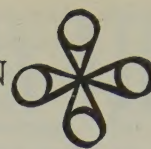
Now that the Fascist brand of totalitarianism has been destroyed, there is not much point in criticizing the obviously much-discredited authoritarian principle, but perhaps it is not too early to remark that in the long run it would be as disastrous to apply the rules of a game to the whole sphere of human activity as it would be to regulate it according to the patriarchal principle of duty upon which the Prussian state has been modelled.

I cannot but hope that most of the European intellectuals who spend such a considerable part of their time in the Public Library of Forty-Second Street have been duly impressed by the manner in which the guards draw attention to a reader who thoughtlessly falls asleep over his book; so as not to embarrass him they push him gently and move away before he has had the time to realize who has awakened him; they are not acting like fathers and do not betoken authority—always too ready to remind the culprit of duty—but the umpire, who reminds them that the rule of the game is to read and that therefore one must not drop out or cheat and sleep while others are still playing. But the American reader who might fall upon these lines could ask: "What! Is reading just a game?" And my answer would be: "I am afraid that here this is too often the case. Writers also are more interested in asserting their virtuosity by following rules, and critics by counting penalties, than in searching with the lamp of Diogenes for that particular situation in which man will have matured enough to be himself in spite of solidarity."



View PARIS
coming in View

A BOLLINGEN SERIES BOOK



MAX RAPHAEL PREHISTORIC CAVE PAINTINGS

A detailed analysis of Mankind's earliest art, beautifully and lavishly illustrated with 48 collotype plates

Ltd. Ed.

7.50

Pantheon Books Inc. 41 Washington Sq. N.Y. 12

HAYNES-GRIFFIN
MUSIC SHOP
391 Madison Ave. at 47th St.

Albums off the beaten track:

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVITCH:
Quartet (played by Stuyvesant String Quartet) \$2.62

ZOLTAN KODALY
Hary Janos Suite \$3.67

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS
Concerto #4 in D Minor \$3.67

BOOKS 'N THINGS
73 FOURTH AVE., N.Y.C.
H. E. BRIGGS
Modern Poetry and Little Mags
We Buy and Sell. GR. 5-8746

Kamin Dance
Bookshop specializes

in books, prints, and photographic material on ballet.

1365 - 6th Ave. CI 5-7955

NELL BLAINE
OCTOBER 17 — NOVEMBER 15
HYDE SOLOMON
NOVEMBER 16 — DECEMBER 15
THE JANE ST. GALLERY
35 JANE ST.

BRIARCLIFF QUARTERLY

edited by
Norman Macleod

AN International review of literary and general intellectual interest published by Briarcliff Junior College, Briarcliff Manor, New York.

In commenting on the first three issues, published as the MARYLAND QUARTERLY, Eugene O'Neill said: "The Quarterly has genuine distinction"; and Thomas Mann wrote: "I believe that the idea on which your publication is based is good and correct, and that the American public will recognize it as such."

An ALL FRENCH ISSUE is being planned for early publication. DESPITE the importance of current regional publications in America, IT MUST BE AFFIRMED THAT THE INTERNATIONAL EMPHASIS OF WHICH THE *Briarcliff Quarterly* IS AN EXPRESSION IS NECESSARY TO CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

**THE BRIARCLIFF
QUARTERLY**

Briarcliff Junior College
BRIARCLIFF MANOR
NEW YORK

Two Dollars a Year: Fifty Cents
a Copy

GOODMAN WITHOUT WINGS

[Continued from page 19]
orders to the Waiting Man.

But it is no use, Jonah is not up to it, he is lost among bedrooms and crying babies, and he can only respond with an anthology of Jewish jokes and a claim to absolute despair.

For it seems that Goodman, though he has his secret, which makes him happy, also has his "own ideas about that secret itself." He waits for the angel, but he can't forget certain things that Dr. Freud has told him about that divine personage.

Goodman is not the first to combine worship with suspicion, but he may be a pioneer in feeling both at the same moment.

At any rate, the angel being what He is, and the Waiting Man knowing what he knows, there is neither a real lift nor a real quality of despair in Goodman's prose. He is both significant (more so in emphasis than any other American fiction writer at the moment) and attractive in his philosophical vaudeville when he stays tied to the *details* of what surrounds him and of how he functions (as in *The Detective Story*).

When he tries to unload the SMALL LIFE and give us the BIG IDEAS straight, in such poetic Wisdom-fables as *Orpheus in the Underworld* or *A Statue of Nestor*, he has nothing to hold the imagination and is, I am grieved to say, thoroughly tiresome. His language becomes conceptual and poor in texture, while his

formulas, detached from specific situations, appear eccentric and self-conscious.

In sum, I conclude that Goodman's experience is consistent with comedy not with poetry. It seems necessary for *poetry* that there shall be some vision of an identity beyond suspicion, or at least beyond criticism from the point of view of a domestic Jonah.



A POST-FREUDIAN POEM

THE GRANITE BUTTERFLY by Parker Tyler. (Bern Porter.)

By MARIUS BEWLEY

PARKER Tyler's new book is to my knowledge the most conspicuous example in this country of a work which endeavors to make direct metaphorical use, in a very large way, of post-Freudian knowledge, and to accept its version of reality without the intrusion of extraneous criteria or the imposition of ancient sanctions. The poem, expanding through richly layered metaphors, avoids the clinical smell which might be anticipated from such a description. The central, integrating point of consciousness, carried through a succession of symbolic incarnations, is the poet's own, and it is this autobiographic element which assimilates into a personal pattern the fragments of psychological data and insight.

Thus the theme, which might easily have been presented with the condensation and sterility of a case-book history, becomes the poet's aggressive foray into a reality which, in terms of another vocabulary, might have proved intractable.

But to be more explicit, the theme of this poem is the Oedipus history of the poet himself. This history is created in the poem through a series of symbols describing the transference of the poet's affections from mother to father to an object outside the family. Yet despite this development, the poet's identification with the mother's suffering which has arisen through sexual frustration and jealousy remains to be solved. This resolution can occur for the poet in artistic creation only, for creation to the poet becomes a kind of mimetic birth by which he reaffirms his initial identification with the mother, and makes a final acceptance of it.

It is this concern with a highly personal catharsis that carries the poem beyond the celebration of the libido to a resolution of its problems in a specially created context. We are constantly rounding points of time that show us the same unscalable reality under different aspects, and knowledge of our own aberrations is a way of charting our shifting positions in relation to that reality that we may discover the unchangeable in it. It is a large part of Mr. Tyler's intention in this poem to establish a *procede*, a means of communicating with a reality from a changed point of view that will tend to release the poet from the tyranny of frustration. This must be based on self-knowledge, deeper, more tenuous, more relative, than was possible for him in the past.

But if a reservation is to be advanced, it is that post-Freudian knowledge, used here as a kind of mythology, has been insufficiently absorbed into our larger culture pattern not to be attended by a certain thinness; that its inevitable complexity must yet seem to be a highly specialized one. But it has been already suggested that Mr. Tyler largely avoids this difficulty by charging the psychological symbol with all the intensity of personal crisis.

The poem consists of several narrative sequences recapitulating the principal theme, but in a sense these narratives may be thought of as occurring simultaneously so that, if on one hand the poem appears a kind of odyssey of the poet's soul it is also an instantaneous insight into a particular reality. This foreshortening of the time sequence makes possible a unifying integument of associational cross-references and a thematic development of certain metaphors such as the sea-surge image representing both the music of the poet and the agony of birth. The Seventh Canto, which represents a moment of duration only, is perhaps the most beautiful, and the Ninth Canto, which is an account of a dream of a movie

actor's mistress, reduces the whole problem of the poem to terms of a synopsis for a film of the Russian Revolution. This is done with an ironic overstatement that reduces to ignominy the world of conventional values which has falsified the problem of the poet from the beginning, perhaps helped to create it and hitherto left him defenseless when confronting it.

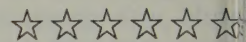
☆ free to
new subscribers:
a copy of

POEMS

for PAINTERS

by Charles Henri

FORD



"THEY give me always a shock of delight and of revelation," says Edith Sitwell of Mr. Ford's poems. Admirers of his work will not want to miss this new collection: five poems inspired by the contemporary painters Marcel Duchamp, Leonor Fini, Estéban Francés, Yves Tanguy and Pavel Tchelitchew. Handsomely designed and printed, with typography by Parker Tyler, this is the first of a series of View Allums, launching an innovation in the publishing world—de luxe collector's items at popular prices. Format 9 x 12, cover drawing by Tanguy, extraheavy coated paper with 16 HALF-TONE REPRODUCTIONS of the work of Duchamp, Fini, Francés, Tanguy and Tchelitchew.

A VIEW EDITION

☆ SEND \$3.50, the regular price for a year's subscription to View, and receive POEMS FOR PAINTERS (\$1.00 sold separately) at no extra cost. Please mention this ad when sending remittance to:

View, Inc., 1 E. 53, N.Y.

MODERN PAINTINGS

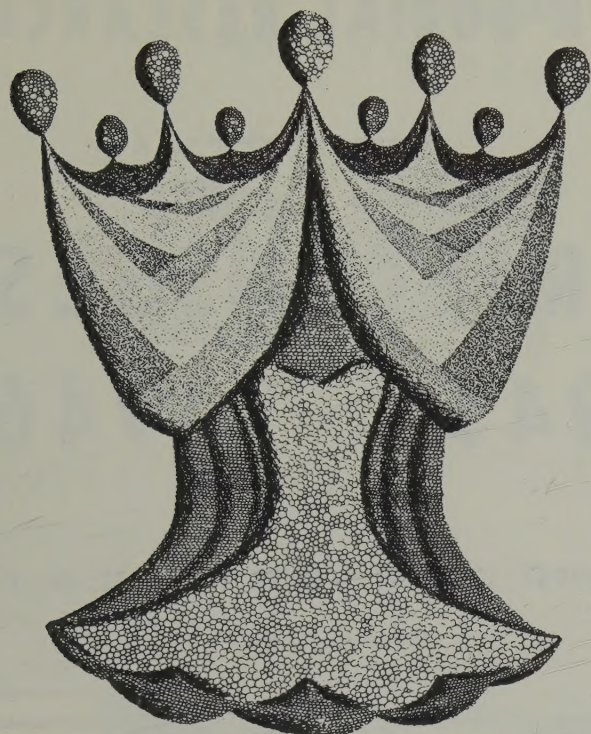
THROUGH OCTOBER

PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY

41 EAST 57TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

in View for November



HUPPLER

I SEE THE PATTERN OF NIJINSKY CLEAR

By Parker Tyler

THE MILK OF WILD BEASTS

A Russian Fairy Tale

A NEW INTRODUCTION TO THE PEBBLE

By Francis Ponge

HARNETT: AMERICAN NECROMANTIC

By Edouard Roditi

THE EXAMPLE OF MAX JACOB

By Wallace Fowle

AMERICAN THEATRE

By Mary McCarthy

RUGGLES, IVES, VARESE

By Lou Harrison

Reviews by Leon Kohnitzky, Nicola Chiaromonte, Denis de Rougemont, Marius Bewley, Kenneth Macpherson.

Reproductions of the work of Marc Chagall, Yves Tanguy, Georgia O'Keeffe, Georges Rouault, Vaslav Nijinsky, William Harnett and others.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:—The new View comes to you now eight times a year instead of four, monthly from October through May, at no increase in subscription price. Send \$3.50 and receive regularly the only magazine giving equal emphasis to modern painting and literature, and also bringing you coverage of new work in music, poetry, theatre.

[See page 26 for special offer to new subscribers]

★ BOOKS IN VIEW

A Selected List

Art

- MASTERPIECES OF PERSIAN ART by Arthur Upham Pope \$10.00
 RITUAL BRONZES OF ANCIENT CHINA by Dr. Phyllis Ackerman \$ 6.00
 PAPER SCULPTURE by Paul McPharlin \$ 3.75
 ARTISTS ON ART. Edited by R. Goldwater & M. Treves \$ 4.50
 TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: DRAWINGS \$15.00
 CONSTANTIN GUYS: FEMMES PARISIENNES . . \$12.00
 DAUMIER: HUNTING AND FISHING \$ 5.50
 FRAGONARD: DRAWINGS FOR ARIOSTO \$18.00
 PREHISTORIC CAVE PAINTINGS by Max Raphael . . \$ 7.50
 ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ARTS Edited by Runeo and Schrickel \$10.00
 ABBOT SUGER: ON THE ABBEY-CHURCH OF ST. DENIS AND ITS ART TREASURES by Erwin Panofsky \$ 3.75
 TOULOUSE-LAUTREC PORTFOLIO \$ 7.50
 FINE ART PORTFOLIOS (each containing 11 loose plates 12 x 16) Holbein the Younger, Daumier, Kollwitz, Kolbe, Barlach, Lehmbruck . . each \$ 4.50

Literature

- SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE by H. P. Lovecraft \$ 2.50
 H. P. LOVECRAFT: A MEMOIR by August Derleth . . \$2.50
 SAMUEL JOHNSON AND LORD CHESTERFIELD by Thomas de Quincey . . . \$10.00
 THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO by Charles Finney \$ 5.00
 GULLIVER'S TRAVELS by Jonathan Swift. Illus. 16 full color by Jon Corbino . . \$10.00
 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI 16 full color illus. by Salvador Dali \$10.00
 THE DWARF by Par Lagerkvist \$ 2.50
 CROSS SECTION 1945: A Collection of American Writing Edited by Edwin Seaver \$ 3.50
 TALES OF HOFFMAN Translated by Christopher Lazare \$ 7.50
 THE UNQUIET GRAVE by Cyril Connolly \$ 2.00
 VIRGINIA WOOLF: HER ART AS A NOVELIST by Joan Bennett \$ 2.00
 THE QUESTION OF HENRY JAMES Edited by Frederick Dupee \$ 3.75
 TWILIGHT BAR by Arthur Koestler \$ 2.00

- SOME POEMS by Friedrich Hoelderlin. Trans. by Frederick Prokosch \$ 1.00
 THE WISDOM OF THE HEART by Henry Miller . . \$ 3.00
 THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS Trans. by E. Allison Peers . \$12.00
 THE PERSON IN THE BODY. An Introduction to Psychosomatic Medicine by Leland E. Hinsie, M.D. \$ 2.75
 THE PSYCHOANALYTIC THEORY OF NEUROSIS by Otto Finichel, M.D. . . . \$ 7.50
 TRIBUTE TO THE ANGELS by H. D. \$ 2.00
 THE RAPE OF THE LOCKS and THE ARBITRATION by Menander Trans. by Gilbert Murray \$ 3.00
 ROCK CRYSTAL by Adalbert Stifter. Trans. by Marianne Moore \$ 2.75
 THE ROAD OF LIFE AND DEATH by Paul Radin . . \$ 4.50
 RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES New English translations . . . \$ 7.50
 THE CREATIVE MIND by Henri Bergson \$ 3.75
 PERPLEXITIES AND PARADOXES by Miguel Unamuno \$ 2.50
 WORKS OF LOVE by Soren Kierkegaard. Trans. by David D. and Lillian M. Swenson \$ 3.75
 THE SHORT STORIES OF HENRY JAMES Edited by Clifton Fadiman \$ 3.00
 A HISTORY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY by Bertrand Russell \$ 5.00
 SPANISH FAIRY TALES Trans. by Gamel Woolsey . . . \$ 2.75
 ONE SMALL VOICE by Marianne Oswald \$ 2.75
 THE DYNAMICS OF CULTURE CHANGE by Bronislaw Malinowski \$ 2.50

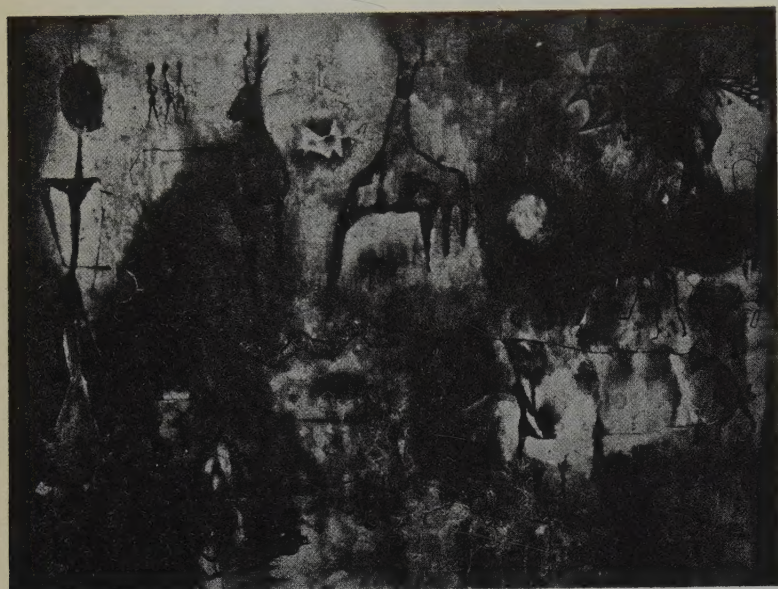
Music

- BAD BOY OF MUSIC by George Antheil \$ 3.00
 THE DIARIES OF TCHAIKOWSKI Trans. by Wladimir Lakond \$ 5.50
 COMPOSER AND CRITIC by Max Graf \$ 3.50
 THE BACH READER. A Life of Johann Sebastian Bach in Letters and Documents . . \$ 6.00
 BEETHOVEN by Sir Donald Tovey \$ 3.00

Orders for any of the above books may be placed through View

PAINTINGS BY

**PETER
MILLER**



INCANTATION.

MILLER

GALLERY

**JULIEN
LEVY**

42 EAST 57

**NEW SCHOOL
FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH**

**ART CLASSES
1945 1946**

66 WEST 12TH ST. NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

GRamercy 7-8464

INSTRUCTORS

CAMILO EGAS, Art Director

BERENICE ABBOTT
Photography

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER
Atelier 17

MORTIMER BORNE
Components of
Modern Art

HANS JELINEK
Wood Engraving,
Illustration

ALEXEY BRODOVITCH
Art Applied to
Graphic Journalism

YASUO KUNIYOSHI
Oil Painting, Drawing,
Composition

STUART DAVIS
Modern Color-Space
Composition

JOSE CLEMENT OROZCO
Honorary Visiting
Professor of Art

JOSE DE CREEFT
Sculpture

KURT SAFRANSKI
Pictorial Journalism

CAMILO EGAS
Painting, Drawing,
Murals, Frescoes

LOUIS SCHANKER
Woodblocks
in Color